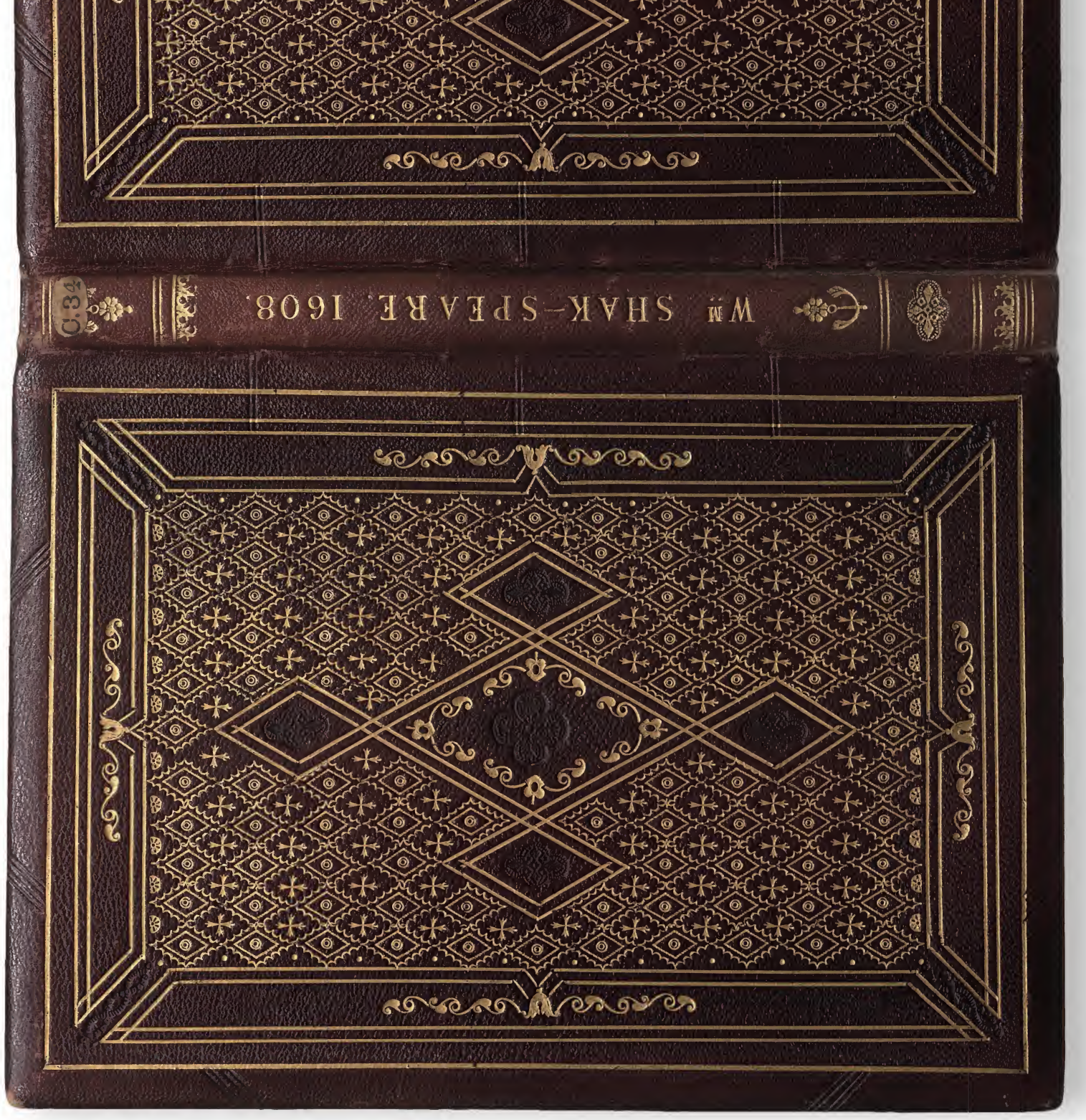
Wm SHAK-SPEARE. 1608.
C.34

Purchased of Garrett of Newcastle for £20.
J.O.H.

K. Shakspere. C.34.K.17

This copy of the first edition of Lear, wanting the title, should be preserved with my perfect copy, on account of its containing an extraordinary number of curious textual variations, although both copies are evidently printed from the same forms. Compare, for example, the reverse of G.2, the reverse of H.3, the first page of H.4, & various other places.

BRITISH MUSEUM

M. William Shak-ſpeare:

HIS

True Chronicle Hiſtorie of the life and death of King LEAR and his three Daughters.

With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, *ſonne* and heire to the Earle of Gloſter, and his ſullen and aſſumed humor of TOM of Bedlam:

As it was played before the Kings Maieſtie at Whitehall vpon S. Stephans *night in Chriſtmas Hollidayes.*

By his Maieſties ſeruants playing vſually at the Gloabe on the Bancke-ſide.

LONDON,
Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in *Pauls* Church-yard at the ſigne of the Pide Bull neere S^t. *Auſtins* Gate. 1608.

BRITISH MVSEVM

M. William Shak-ſpeare

HIS
Hiſtorie, of King Lear.

Enter Kent, Gloſter, and Baſtard.

Kent.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany* then *Cornwell.*

Gloſt. It did allwaies ſeeme ſo to vs, but now in the diuiſion of the kingdomes, it appeares not which of the Dukes he values moſt, for equalities are ſo weighed, that curioſitie in neither, can make choiſe of eithers moytie.

Kent. Is not this your ſonne my Lord?

Gloſt. His breeding ſir hath beene at my charge, I haue ſo often bluſht to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to it.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Gloſt. Sir, this young fellowes mother Could; whereupon ſhee grew round wombed, and had indeed Sir a ſonne for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed, doe you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault vndone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Gloſt. But I haue ſir a ſonne by order of Law, ſome yeare elder then this, who yet is no deerer in my account; though this knaue came ſomething ſawcely into the world before hee was ſent for, yet was his mother faire, there was good ſport at his makeing; & the whoreſon muſt be acknowledged; do you know this noble gentleman *Edmund*?

Baſt. No my Lord.

Gloſt. My Lord of Kent; remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

Baſt. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Baſt. Sir I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Gloſt. Hee hath beene out nine yeares, and away hee ſhall againe, the King is comming.

Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the Dukes of Albany, and Cornwell, next Gonorill, Regan, Cordelia, with followers.

Lear. Attend my Lords of France and Burgundy, *Gloſter.*

Gloſt. I ſhall my Leige.

Lear. Meane time we will expreſſe our darker purpoſes;
The map there; know we haue diuided
In three, our kingdome; and tis our firſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſines of our ſtate;
Confirming them on yonger yeares,
The two great Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great ryuals in our youngeſt daughters loue,
Long in our Court haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And here are to be anſwerd, tell me my daughters,
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we our largeſt bountie may extend,
Where merit doth moſt challenge it;
Gonorill our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt!

Gon. Sir I do loue you more then words can weild the matter,
Dearer then eye-ſight, ſpace or libertie,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No leſſe then life; with grace, health, beautie, honour;
As much a child ere loued, or father friend;
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* doe? loue and be ſilent.

Lear. Of al theſe bounds, euen from this line to this,
With ſhady forreſts, and wide skirted meades,
We make thee Lady; to thine and *Albaines* iſſue,
Be this perpetuall; what ſaies our ſecond daughter?

Our

Our deereſt *Regan*, wife to *Cornwell*, ſpeake?

Reg. Sir I am made of the ſelfe ſame mettall that my ſiſter is;
And prize me at her worth in my true heart;
I find ſhe names my very deed of loue; onely ſhe came ſhort,
That I profeſſe my ſelfe an enemie to all other ioyes,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſence poſſeſſes,
And find I am alone felicitate, in your deere highnes loue.

Cord. Then poore *Cord.* & yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure
My loues more richer then my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditarie euer
Remaine this ample third of our faire kingdome,
No leſſe in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Then that confirm'd on *Gonorill*, but now our ioy,
Although the laſt, not leaſt in our deere loue,
What can you ſay to win a third, more opulent
Then your ſiſters.

Cord. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. How? nothing can come of nothing, ſpeake again.

Cord. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue my heart into my mouth; I loue your Maieſtie according to my bond, nor more nor leſſe.

Lear. Goe to, goe to; mend your ſpeech a little,
Leaſt it may mar your fortunes.

Cord. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, loued me,
I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, loue you, and moſt honour you;
Why haue my ſiſters huſbands, if they ſay they loue you all?
Happely when I ſhall wed, that Lord whoſe hand
Muſt take my plight, ſhall cary halfe my loue with him,
Halfe my care and duty; ſure I ſhall neuer
Mary like my ſiſters, to loue my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cord. I good my Lord.

Lear. So yong, and ſo vntender,

Cord. So yong my Lord, and true.

Lear. Well let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower;
For by the ſacred radience of the Sunne,

The

The miſtreſſe of *Hecat*, and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whome we doe exſiſt, and ceaſe to be,
Heere I diſclaime all my paternall care,
Propinquitie, and property of blood;
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me,
Hould thee from this, for euer; the barbarous *Scythyan*,
Or he that makes his generation
Meſſes to gorge his appetite
Shall bee as well neighbour'd, pittyed and relieued
As thou my ſometime daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege. (his wrath;
Lear. Peace *Kent*, come not between the Dragon &
I lou'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurcery; hence and auoide my ſight,
So be my graue my peace as here I giue,
Her fathers heart from her; call *France*; who ſtirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwell*, and *Albany*,
With my two daughters dower digeſt this third;
Let pride, which ſhe cals plainnes, marrie her:
I doe inueſt you iointly in my powre,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maieſtie; our ſelfe by monthly courſe
With reſeruation of an hundred knights,
By you to be ſuſtayn'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turnes; onely we ſtill retaine
The name and all the additions to a King;
The ſway, reuenue, execution of the reſt,
Beloued ſonnes be yours; which to confirme,
This Coronet part betwixt you.
Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Loued as my Father, as my maiſter followed,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers.
Lear. The bow is bēt & drawen; make from the ſhafe;
Kent. Let it fall rather,
Though the forke inuade the region of my heart;
Be *Kent* vnmannerly, when *Lear* is mad;

What wilt thou doe ould man? think'ſt thou that dutie
Shall haue dread to ſpeake, when power to flatterie bowes?
To plainnes honours bound, when Maieſty ſtoops to folly;
Reuerſe thy doome, and in thy beſt conſideration
Checke this hideous raſhnes; anſwere my life
My iudgement, thy yongeſt daughter does not loue thee leaſt;
Nor are thoſe empty harted, whoſe low ſound
Reuerbs no hollownes.
Lear. *Kent* on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I neuer held but as a pawne
To wage againſt thy enemies, nor feare to loſe it
Thy ſafty being the motiue.
Lear. Out of my ſight.
Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me ſtill remaine,
The true blanke of thine eye.
Lear. Now by *Appollo*,
Kent. Now by *Appollo* King thou ſweareſt thy Gods
Lear. Vaſſall, recreant. (in vaine.
Kent. Doe, kill thy Phyſicion,
And the fee beſtow vpon the foule diſeaſe;
Reuoke thy doome, or whilſt I can vent clamour
From my throat, ile tell thee thou doſt euill.
Lear. Heare me, on thy allegeance heare me.
Since thou haſt ſought to make vs breake our vow,
Which we durſt neuer yet; and with ſtraied pride,
To come betweene our ſentence and our powre,
Which nor our nature nor our place can beare,
Our potency made good, take thy reward;
Foure dayes we doe allot thee for prouiſion,
To ſhield thee from diſeaſes of the world,
And on the fift to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome; if on the tenth day following,
Thy baniſht truncke be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death; away, by *Iupiter*
This ſhall not be reuokt. (appeare,
Kent. Why fare thee well king, ſince thus thou wilt
Friendſhip liues hence, and baniſhment is here,
The Gods to their protection take the maide,

That rightly thinks, and hath moſt iuſtly ſaid,
And your large ſpeeches may your deedes approue,
That good effects may ſpring from wordes of loue:
Thus *Kent* O Princes, bids you all adew,
Heele ſhape his old courſe in a country new.

Enter France and Burgundie with Gloſter.

Gloſt. Heers *France* and *Burgundie* my noble Lord.
Lear. My L. of *Burgũdie*, we firſt addres towards you,
Who with a King hath riuald for our daughter;
What is the leaſt, will you require in preſent
Dower with her, or ceaſe your queſt of loue?
Burg. Royall maieſty, I craue no more then what
Your highnes offered, nor will you tender leſſe.
Lear. Right noble *Burgundie*, when ſhe was deere to
We did hold her ſo, but now her priſe is fallen;
Sir there ſhe ſtands, if ought within that little
Seeming ſubſtãce, or al of it with our diſpleaſure peec'ſt,
And nothing elſe, may fitly like your grace;
Shees there, and ſhe is yours.
Burg. I know no anſwer.
Lear. Sir will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Couered with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oth,
Take her, or leaue her?
Burg. Pardon me royall ſir, election makes not vp
On ſuch conditions.
Lear. Then leaue her ſir; for by the powre that made
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your loue make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beſeech you,
To auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch, whome nature is aſhamed
Almoſt to acknowledge hers.
Fra. This is moſt ſtrange, that ſhe, that euen but now
Was your beſt obiect, the argument of your praiſe,
Balme of your age, moſt beſt, moſt deereſt,
Should in this trice of time commit a thing,
So monſtrous, to diſmantell ſo many foulds of fauour;

Sure

Sure her offence muſt be of ſuch vnnaturall degree,
That monſters it; or you for voucht affections
Falne into taint; which to beleeue of her
Muſt be a faith, that reaſon without miracle
Could neuer plant in me.
Cord. I yet beſeech your Maieſtie,
If for I want that glib and oyly Art,
To ſpeake and purpoſe not, ſince what I well entend
Ile do't before I ſpeake, that you may know
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulnes,
No vncleane action, or diſhonord ſtep,
That hath depriu'd me of your grace and fauour;
But euen for want of that, for which I am rich,
A ſtill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
As I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.
Leir. Goe to, goe to, better thou hadſt not bin borne,
Then not to haue pleas'd me better.
Fran. Is it no more but this, a tardines in nature,
That often leaues the hiſtorie vnſpoke, that it intends to do?
My Lord of *Burgundie*, what ſay you to the Lady?
Loue is not loue when it is mingled with reſpects that ſtãds
Aloofe from the intire point: wil you haue her?
She is her ſelfe, and dowre.
Burg. Royall *Leir*, giue but that portion
Which your ſelfe propoſd, and here I take *Cordelia*
By the hand, Dutches of *Burgundie*,
Leir. Nothing, I haue ſworne.
Burg. I am ſory then you haue ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt looſe a huſband.
Cord. Peace be with *Burgundie*, ſince that reſpects
Of fortune are his loue; I ſhall not be his wife.
Fran. Faireſt *Cordelia* that art moſt rich being poore,
Moſt choiſe, forſaken, and moſt loued, deſpiſd,
Thee and thy vertues here I ceaze vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp whats caſt away.
Gods, Gods! tis ſtrãge, that from their coulſt neglect,
My loue ſhould kindle to inflam'd reſpect,

Thy

Thy dowreles daughter King throwne to thy chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes in watrish *Burgundie*,
Shall buy this vnprizd precious maide of me,
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkind
Thou looseſt here, a better where to find.
Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine,
For we haue no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall euer ſee
That face of hers againe, therfore be gone, (*Burgũdy.*
Without our grace, our loue, our benizon. come noble
Exit Lear and Burgundie.
Fran. Bid farewell to your ſiſters.
Cord. The iewels of our father, (you are,
With waſht eyes *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what
And like a ſiſter am moſt loath to call your faults
As they are named; vſe well our Father,
To your profeſſed boſoms I commit him;
But yet alas ſtood I within his grace,
I would preferre him to a better place:
So farewell to you both.
Gonorill. Preſcribe not vs our duties.
Regan. Let your ſtudy be to content your Lord,
Who hath receaued you at Fortunes almes;
You haue obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the worth that you haue wanted.
Cord. Time ſhal vnfould what pleated cũning hides,
Who couers faults, at laſt ſhame them derides:
Well may you proſper.
Fran. Come faire *Cordelia.* *Exit France & Cord.*
Gonor. Siſter, it is not a little I haue to ſay,
Of what moſt neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our father will hence to night.
Reg. Thats moſt certaine, and with you; next mon eth with vs.
Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is; the obſeruation we haue made of it hath not bin little; hee alwaies loued our ſiſter moſt, and with what poore iudgement hee hath now caſt her off, appeares too groſſe.
Reg. Tis the infirmitie of his age, yet hee hath euer but ſlenderly.

derly knowne himſelfe.
Gono. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath bin but raſh, then muſt we looke to receiue from his age not alone the imperfection of long ingrafted condition, but therwithal vnruly waywardnes, that infirme and choléricke yeares bring with them.
Rag. Such vnconſtant ſtarts are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kents* baniſhment.
Gono. There is further complement of leaue-taking betweene *France* and him, pray lets hit together, if our Father cary authority with ſuch diſpoſitions as he beares, this laſt ſurrender of his, will but offend vs.
Ragan. We ſhall further thinke on't.
Gon. We muſt doe ſomething, and it'h heate. *Exeunt.*
Enter Baſtard Solus.
Baſt. Thou Nature art my Goddeſſe, to thy law my ſeruices are bound; wherefore ſhould I ſtand in the plague of cuſtome, and permit the curioſitie of nations to depriue me? for that I am ſome twelue or 14. mooneſhines lag of a brother? why baſtard, wherfore baſe? when my dementions are as well compact, my mind as generous, and my ſhape as true as honeſt madams iſſue; why brand they vs with baſe, baſe baſtardie? who in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take more compoſition and feirce quality, then doth within a ſtale dull lyed bed, goe to the creating of a whole tribe of fops got tweene a ſleepe and wake: well the legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt haue your land; our Fathers loue is to the baſtard *Edmund*, as to the legitimate: well my legitimate, if this letter ſpeede, and my inuention thriue, *Edmund* the baſe ſhall tooth'legitimate: I grow, I proſper, now Gods ſtand vp for Baſtards.
Enter Gloſter.
Gloſt. *Kent* baniſht thus, and *France* in choller parted, and the King gone to night, ſubſcribd his power, confined to exhibition? all this donne vpon the gadde; *Edmund* how now what newes?
Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.
Gloſt. Why ſo earneſtly ſeeke you to put vp that letter?
Baſt. I know no newes my Lord.
Gloſt. What paper were you reading?
Baſt. Nothing my Lord,

Gloſt. No, what needes then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket; the qualitie of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelfe, lets ſee; come if it bee nothing I ſhall not needeſpecta-cles.

Baſt. I beſeech you Sir pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I haue not all ore read; for ſo much as I haue peruſed, I find it not fit for your liking.

Gloſt. Giue me the letter ſir.

Baſt. I ſhall offend either to detaine or giue it; the contents as in part I vnderſtand them, are too blame.

Gloſt. Lets ſee, lets ſee?

Baſt. I hope for my brothers iuſtification, he wrot this but as an eſſay, or taſt of my vertue. *A Letter.*

Gloſt. This policie of age makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times, keepes our fortunes from vs till our oldnes cannot reliſh them; I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwaies not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered; come to me, that of this I may ſpeake more; if our father would ſleepe till I wakt him, you ſhould inioy halfe his reuenew for euer, and liue the beloued of your brother *Edgar*.

Hum, conſpiracie; ſlept till I wakt him; you ſhould enioy halfe his reuenew; my ſonne *Edgar*; had hee a hand to write this, a hart, and braine to breed it in; when came this to you, who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought me my Lord, ther's the cunning of it, I found it throwne in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Gloſt. You know the Caractar to be your brothers?

Baſt. If the matter were good, my Lord I durſt ſweare it were his; but in reſpect of that I would faine thinke it were not,

Gloſt. It is his?

Baſt. It is his hand my Lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Gloſt. Hath he neuer heretofore ſoũded you in this buſines?

Baſt. Neuer my Lord; but I haue often heard him maintaine it to be fit, that ſons at perfit age, & fathers declining, his father ſhould be as ward to the ſonne, and the ſonne mannage the reuenew.

Gloſt.

Gloſt. O villaine, villaine; his very opinion in the letter; abhorred villaine, vnnaturall deteſted brutiſh villaine; worſe then brutiſh: go ſir ſeeke him, I apprehend him, abhominable villaine where is he?

Baſt. I doe not well know my Lord; if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, til you can deriue from him better teſtimony of this intent, you ſhould run a cerraine courſe; where if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your owne honour, & ſhake in peeces the heart of his obediẽce; I dare pawn downe my life for him, he hath wrote this to feele my affection to your honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

Gloſt. Thinke you ſo?

Baſt. If your honour iudge it meete, I will place you where you ſhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an aurigular aſſurance haue your ſatiſfaction, and that without any further delay then this very euening.

Gloſt. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Baſt. Nor is not ſure.

Gloſt. To his father, that ſo tenderly and intirely loues him; heauen and earth! *Edmund* ſeeke him out, wind mee into him; I pray you frame your buſines after your own wiſedome, I would vnſtate my ſelfe to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I ſhall ſeeke him ſir preſently, conuey the buſineſſe as I ſhall ſee meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Gloſt. Theſe late eclipſes in the Sunne and Moone portend no good to vs; though the wiſedome of nature can reaſon thus and thus, yet nature finds it ſelfe ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects; loue cooles, friendſhip fals off, brothers diuide, in Cities mutinies, in Countries diſcords, Pallaces treaſon, the bond crackt betweene ſonne and father; find out this villaine *Edmund*, it ſhal looſe thee nothing; doe it carefully; and the noble and true harted *Kent* baniſht, his offence honeſt; ſtrange ſtrange!

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſicke in Fortune, often the ſurfeit of our owne behauiour, we make guiltie of our diſaſters, the Sunne, the Moone, and the Starres; as if we were Villaines by neceſſitie, Fooles by heauenly compulſion, Knaues, Theeues, and Trecherers by ſpirituall predomina-

predominance; Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an enforſt obedience of planitary influence, and all that wee are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on; an admirable euaſion of whoremaſter man, to lay his gotiſh diſpoſition to the charge of Starres: my Father compounded with my Mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my natiuitie was vnder *Vrſa maior*, ſo that it followes, I am rough and lecherous. Fut, I ſhould haue beene that I am, had the maidenleſt ſtarre of the Firmament twinckled on my baſtardy.

Enter Edgar *Edgar*, and out hee comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedy; mine is villanous melancholy, with a ſith like them of Bedlam; O theſe eclipſes doe portend theſe diuiſions.

Edgar. How now brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eclipſes.

Edg. Doe you buſie your ſelfe about that?

Baſt. I promiſe you the effects he writ of, ſucceed vnhappily, as of vnnaturalneſſe betweene the child and the parent, death, dearth, diſſolutions of ancient amities, diuiſions in ſtate, menaces and maledictions againſt King and nobles, needles diffidences, baniſhment of friēds, diſſipation of Cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long haue you beene a ſectary Aſtronomicall?

Baſt. Come, come, when ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. Why, the night gon by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. Two houres together.

Baſt. Parted you in good tearmes? found you no diſpleaſure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Baſt. Bethinke your ſelfe, wherein you may haue offended him, and at my intreatie, forbeare his preſence, till ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure, which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchiefe, of your parſon it would ſcarce allay.

Edg. Some villaine hath done me wrong.

Baſt. Thats my feare brother; I aduiſe you to the beſt. goe arm'd; I am no honeſt man if there bee any good meaning towards you, I haue told you what I haue ſeene & heard, but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon?

Baſt. I doe ſerue you in this buſines: *Exit Edgar*

A credulous Father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo farre from doing harmes,
That he ſuſpects none, on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practiſes ride eaſie: I ſee the buſines,
Let me if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can faſhion fit. *Exit.*

Enter Gonorill and Gentleman.

Gon. Did my Father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his foole?

Gent. Yes Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me,
Euery houre he flaſhes into one groſſe crime or other,
That ſets vs all at ods; ile not indure it;
His Knights grow ryotous, and him ſelfe obrayds vs,
On euery trifell when he returnes from hunting,
I will not ſpeake with him, ſay I am ſicke,
If you come ſlacke of former ſeruices,
You ſhall doe well, the fault of it ile anſwere.

Gent. Hee's coming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what wearie negligence you pleaſe, you and your fellow ſeruants; i'de haue it come in queſtion, if he diſlike it, let him to our ſiſter, whoſe mind and mine I know in that are one, not to be ouerruld; idle old man that ſtill would manage thoſe authorities that hee hath giuen away; now by my life old fooles are babes again, & muſt be vs'd with checkes as flatteries, when they are ſeene abuſd; remember what I tell you.

Gent. Very well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder looks among you; what growes of it no matter; aduiſe your fellowes ſo, I would breed from hence occaſions, and I ſhall, that I may ſpeake; ile write ſtraight to my ſiſter to hould my very courſe, goe prepare for dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow that can my ſpeech defuſe,

defuſe, my good intent may carry through it ſelfe to that full iſ-
ſue for which I raz'd my likenes: now baniſht *Kent*, if thou canſt
ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condem'd, thy maiſter whom thou
loueſt, ſhall find thee full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, goe get it readie, how
now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? what would'ſt thou with vs?

Kent. I doe profeſſe to be no leſſe then I ſeeme, to ſerue him
truly that will put me in truſt; to loue him that is honeſt, to con-
uerſe with him that is wiſe, and ſayes little; to feare iudgement,
to fight when I cannot chuſe; and to eate no fiſhe.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt harted fellow, and as poore as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poore for a ſubiect, as he is for a King, thou'rt
poore enough; what would'ſt thou?

Kent. Seruice. *Lear.* Who would'ſt thou ſerue?

Kent. You. *Lear.* Do'ſt thou know me fellow?

Kent. No ſir, but you haue that in your countenance, which
I would faine call Maiſter.

Lear. Whats that? *Kent.* Authoritie.

Lear. What ſeruices canſt doe?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſaile; ride, run; mar a curious
tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meſſage bluntly; that
which ordinarie men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the beſt
of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo yong to loue a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to
dote on her for any thing; I haue yeares on my backe fortie
eight.

Lear. Follow mee, thou ſhalt ſerue mee, if I like thee no
worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet; dinner, ho din-
ner; wher's my knaue, my foole; goe you and call my foole he-
ther, you ſirra, whers my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So pleaſe you,

Lear. What ſay's the fellow there, call the clat-pole backe,
wher's

whers my foole; ho I thinke the world's aſleepe, how now,
wher's that mungrel?

Kent. He ſay's my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlaue backe to mee when I cal'd
him?

ſeruant. Sir, hee anſwered mee in the roundeſt maner, hee
would not. *Lear.* A would not?

ſeruant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my
iudgemēt, your highnes is not entertained with that ceremonious
affection as you were wont; ther's a great abatement, apeer's as
well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himſelfe alſo,
and your daughter. *Lear.* Ha, ſay'ſt thou ſo?

ſeruant. I beſeech you pardon mee my Lord, if I be miſtaken,
for my dutie cannot bee ſilent, when I thinke your highneſſe
wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of mine owne conception, I
haue perceiued a moſt faint neglect of late, which I haue rather
blamed as mine owne ielous curioſitie, then as a very pretence &
purport of vnkindneſſe; I will looke further into't; but wher's
this foole? I haue not ſeene him this two dayes.

ſeruant. Since my yong Ladies going into *France* ſir, the foole
hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it; goe you and tell my
daughter, I would ſpeake with her; goe you cal hither my foole,
O you ſir, you ſir, come you hither, who am I ſir?

Steward. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father? my Lords knaue, you horeſon dog,
you ſlaue, you cur.

Stew. I am none of this my Lord, I beſeech you pardon me.

Lear. Doe you bandie lookes with me you raſcall?

Stew. Ile not be ſtruck my Lord,

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe football player.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou ſeru'ſt me, and ile loue thee.

Kent. Come ſir ile teach you differences; away, away, if
you will meaſure your lubbers-length againe tarry; but away,
you haue wiſedome!

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, their's earneſt of
thy ſeruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, heer's my coxcombe.

Lear. How now my prety knaue, how do'ſt thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were beſt take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Why for taking on's part, that's out of fauour; nay and thou can'ſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou't catch cold ſhortly; there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath baniſht two on's daughters, and done the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs weare my coxcombe; how now nuncle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, id'e keepe my coxcombs my ſelfe; ther's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heede ſirra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is a dog that muſt to kenell, hee muſt bee whipt out; when Ladie oth'e brach may ſtand by the fire and ſtincke.

Lear. A peſtilent gull to mee.

Foole. Sirra ile teach thee a ſpeech. *Lear.* Doe.

Foole. Marke it vncle; haue more then thou ſheweſt, ſpeake leſſe then thou knoweſt, lend leſſe then thou oweſt; ride more then thou goeſt, learne more then thou troweſt, ſet leſſe then thou throweſt; leaue thy drinke and thy whore, and keepe in a doore, and thou ſhalt haue more, then two tens to a ſcore.

Lear. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't; can you make no vſe of nothing vncle?

Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Preethe tell him ſo much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a foole.

Lear. A bitter foole.

Foole. Doo'ſt know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter foole, and a ſweete foole.

Lear. No lad, teach mee.

Foole. That Lord that counſail'd thee to giue away thy land,
Come place him heere by mee, doe thou for him ſtand,
The ſweet and bitter foole will preſently appeare,
The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Do'ſt thou call mee foole boy?

Foole.

Foole. All thy other Titles thou haſt giuen away, that thou waſt borne with.

Kent. This is not altogether foole my Lord.

Foole. No faith, Lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopolie out, they would haue part an't; and Ladies too, they will not let me haue all the foole to my ſelfe; they'l be ſnatching; giue me an egge Nuncle, and ile giue thee two crowne s.

Lear. What two crownes ſhall they be?

Foole. Why, after I haue cut the egge in the middle and eate vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge: when thou cloueſt thy crowne i'th middle, and gaueſt away both parts, thou boreſt thy aſſe at thy backe or'e the durt; thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gaueſt thy golden one away; if I ſpeake like my ſelfe in this, let him be whipt that firſt finds it ſo.

Fooles had nere leſſe wit in a yeare,
For wiſe men are growne foppiſh,
They know not how their wits doe weare,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs ſirra?

Foole. I haue vs'd it nuncle, euer ſince thou mad'ſt thy daughters thy mother; for when thou gaueſt them the rod, and put'ſt downe thine own breeches, then they for ſudden ioy did weep, and I for ſorrow ſung, that ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peepe, and goe the fooles among: prethe Nunckle keepe a ſchoolemaſter that can teach thy foole to lye, I would faine learne to lye.

Lear. And you lye, weele haue you whipt.

Foole. I marueil what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou wilt haue mee whipt for lying, and ſometime I am whipt for holding my peace; I had rather be any kind of thing then a foole, and yet I would not bee thee Nuncle, thou haſt pared thy wit a both ſides, & left nothing in the middle; here comes one of the parings.

Enter Gonorill.

Lear. How now daughter, what makes that Frontlet on,
Me thinks you are too much alate i'th frowne.

Foole. Thou waſt a prettie fellow when thou had'ſt no need to care for her frowne, now thou art an O without a figure; I am better then thou art now, I am a foole, thou art nothing; yes for-

ſooth

ſooth I will hould my tongue, ſo your face bids mee, though you ſay nothing

Mum, mum, he that keepes neither cruſt nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. That's a ſheald peſcod.

Gon. Not onely ſir this, your all-licenc'd foole, but other of your inſolent retinue do hourely carpe and quarrell, breaking forth in ranke & (not to be indured riots,). Sir I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, to haue found a ſafe redres, but now grow fearefull by what your ſelfe too late haue ſpoke and done, that you protect this courſe, and put on by your allowance; which if you ſhould, the fault would not ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſe ſleepe, which in the tender of a wholſome weale, might in their working doe you that offence, that elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſitie muſt call diſcreet proceedings.

Foole. For you trow nuncle, the hedge ſparrow fed the Cooko ſo long, that it had it head bit off by it young, ſo out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come ſir, I would you would make vſe of that good wiſedome whereof I know you are fraught, and put away theſe diſpoſitions, that of late tranſforme you from what you rightly are.

Foole. May not an Aſſe know when the cart drawes the horſe, whoop *Iug* I loue thee.

Lear. Doth any here know mee? why this is not *Lear*, doth *Lear* walke thus? ſpeake thus? where are his eyes? either his notion, weaknes, or his diſcernings are lethergie: ſleeping, or waking. ha! ſure tis not ſo, who is it that can tell me who I am? *Lears* ſhadow? I would learne that; for by the markes of ſoueraintie, knowledge, and reaſon, I ſhould bee falſe perſwaded I had daughters.

Foole. Which they, will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name faire gentlewoman?

Gon. Come ſir, this admiration is much of the ſauour of other your new prankes, I doe beſeech you vnderſtand my purpoſes aright; as you are old and reuerend, ſhould be wiſe; here do you keepe a 100. Knights and Squires, men ſo diſordred, ſo deboyſt and bold, that this our court infected with their manners, ſhowes like

like a riotous Inne; epicuriſme, and luſt make more like a tauerne or brothell, then a great pallace; the ſhame it ſelfe doth ſpeake for inſtant remedie; be thou deſired by her, that elſe will take the thing ſhee begs, a little to diſquantitie your traine, and the remainder that ſhall ſtill depend, to bee ſuch men as may beſort your age, that know themſelues and you.

Lear. Darkenes, and Deuils! ſaddle my horſes, call my traine together; degenerate baſtard, ile not trouble thee; yet haue I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people; and your diſordred rabble, make ſeruants of their betters. *Enter Duke.*

Lear. We that too late repent: O ſir, are you come? is it your will that wee prepare any horſes? ingratitude! thou marble hartted fiend, more hideous when thou ſheweſt thee in a child, then the Sea-monſter; deteſted kite, thou liſt my traine, and men of choiſe and rareſt parts, that all particulars of dutie knowe, and in the moſt exact regard, ſupport the worſhips of their name? O moſt ſmall fault, how vgly did'ſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhewe, that like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the fixt place; drew from my heart all loue, and added to the gall, O *Lear! Lear!* beat at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deere iudgement out; goe, goe, my people.

Duke. My Lord, I am giltles, as I am ignorant.

Lear. It may be ſo my Lord; harke *Nature*, heare deere Goddeſſe; ſuſpend thy purpoſe, if thou did'ſt intend to make this creature fruitful, into her wombe conuey ſterility; drie vp in hir the organs of increaſe, and from her derogate body neuer ſpring a babe to honour her; if ſhee muſt teeme, create her childe of ſpleene, that it may liue and bee a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her; let it ſtampe wrinckles in her brow of youth; with accent teares, fret channels in her cheeks; turne all her mothers paines and benefits to laughter and contempt, that ſhee may feele, that ſhe may feele, how ſharper then a ſerpents tooth it is, to haue a thankleſſe child; goe, goe, my people.

Duke. Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Neuer afflict your ſelfe to know the cauſe, but let his diſpoſition haue that ſcope that dotage giues it.

Lear. What, fiftie of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight?

Duke. What is the matter ſir?

Lear. Ile tell thee; life and death! I am aſham'd that thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus, that theſe hot teares that breake from me perforce, ſhould make the worſt blaſts and fogs vpon the vntented woundings of a fathers curſſe; pierce euery ſence about the old fond eyes; beweepe this cauſe againe, ile pluck you out, & ~~you~~ caſt them with the waters that you make to temper clay; yea, i'ſt come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am ſure is kind and comfortable, when ſhee ſhall heare this of thee, with her nailes ſhee'l flea thy woluiſh viſage, thou ſhalt find that ile reſume the ſhape, which thou doſt thinke I haue caſt off for euer, thou ſhalt I warrant thee.

Gon. Doe you marke that my Lord?

Duke. I cannot bee ſo partiall *Gonorill* to the great loue I beare you,

Gon. Come ſir no more; you, more knaue then foole, after your maſter?

Foole. Nunckle *Lear*, Nunckle *Lear*, tary and take the foole with a fox when one has caught her, and ſuch a daughter ſhould ſure to the ſlaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, ſo the foole followes after.

Gon. What *Oſwald*, ho. *Oſwald.* Here Madam,

Gon. What haue you writ this letter to my ſiſter?

Oſw. Yes Madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe, informe her full of my particular feares, and thereto add ſuch reaſons of your owne, as may compact it more; get you gon, & haſten your returne: now my Lord, this milkie gentlenes, and courſe of yours though I diſlike not, yet vnder pardon y'are much more taskt for want of wiſedome, then praiſ'd for harmfull mildnes.

Duke. How farre your eyes may pearce I cannot tell; ſtriuing to better ought, we marre whats well.

Gon. Nay then. *Duke.* Well, well; the euent, *Exeunt*

Enter Lear.

Lear. Goe you before to *Gloſter* with theſe letters, acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the letter, if your diligence be not ſpeedie, I ſhall be there before you. *Kent.*

Kent. I will not ſleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered your letter. *Exit*

Foole. If a mans braines were in his heeles, wert not in danger of kibes? *Lear.* I boy.

Foole. Then I prethe be mery, thy wit ſhal nere goe ſlipſhod.

Lear. Ha ha ha.

Foole. Shalt ſee thy other daughter will vſe thee kindly; for though ſhees as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I con, what I can tel.

Lear. Why what canſt thou tell my boy?

Foole. Sheel taſt as like this, as a crab doth to a crab; thou canſt not tell why ones noſe ſtande in the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why, to keep his eyes on either ſide's noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out, a may ſpie into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Canſt tell how an Oyſter makes his ſhell? *Lear.* No.

Foole. Nor I neither, but I can tell why a ſnayle has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why, to put his head in, not to giue it away to his daughter, and leaue his hornes without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature, ſo kind a father; be my horſes readie?

Foole. Thy Aſſes are gone about them, the reaſon why the ſeuen ſtarres are no more then ſeuen, is a prettie reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Foole. Yes thou wouldſt make a good foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce, Monſter, ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my foole Nunckle, id'e haue thee beatē for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou ſhouldſt not haue beene old, before thou hadſt beene wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad ſweet heauen! I would not be mad, keepe me in temper, I would not be mad, are the horſes readie?

Seruant. Readie my Lord. *Lear.* Come boy. *Exit.*

Foole. Shee that is maide now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maide long, except things be cut ſhorter. *Exit*

Enter Bast. and Curan meeting.

Bast. Saue thee *Curan.*

Curan. And you Sir, I haue beene with your father, and giuen him notice, that the Duke of *Cornwall* and his Dutches will bee here with him to night.

Bast. How comes that?

Curan. Nay, I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad, I meane the whisperd ones, for there are yet but eare-bussing arguments.

Bast. Not, I pray you what are they?

Curan. Haue you heard of no likely warres towards, twixt the two Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany*?

Bast. Not a word.

Curan. You may then in time; fare you well sir.

Bast. The Duke be here to night! the better best, this weaues
Enter Edgar it selfe perforce into my busines; my father hath set gard to take my brother, and I haue one thing of a queasie question, which must aske breefnes and fortune helpe; brother, a word, discend brother I say, my father watches; O flie this place, intelligence is giuen where you are hid, you haue now the good aduantage of the night, haue you not spoken gainst the Duke of *Cornwall* ought? hee's coming hether now in the night, i'h hast, and *Regan* with him; haue you nothing said vpon his partie against the Duke of *Albany*; aduise your---

Edg. I am sure on't not a word.

Bast. I heare my father coming; pardon me in craving; I must draw my sword vpon you, seeme to defend your selfe; now quit you well, yeeld, come before my father; light here, here; flie brother flie, torches, torches, so farwell; some bloud drawne on mee would beget opinion of my more fierce indeuour; I haue seene drunckards doe more then this in sport, father, father, stop, stop, no, helpe!

Enter Glost.

Glost. Now *Edmund* where is the villaine?

Bast. Here stood he in the darke, his sharpe sword out, warbling of wicked charms, coniuring the Moone to stand's auspicious Mistris.

Glost. But where is he?

Bast. Looke sir, I bleed.

Glost. Where is the villaine *Edmund*?

Bast.

Bast. Fled this way sir, when by no meanes he could---

Glost. Pursue him, go after: by no meanes, what?

Bast. Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship, but that I told him the reuengiue Gods, gainst Paracides did all their thunders bend; spoke with how many-fould, and strong a bond the child was bound to the father; sir in fine, seeing how loathly opposite I stood, to his vnnaturall purpose; with fell motion with his prepared sword hee charges home my vnprouided body, lancht mine arme; but when he saw my best alarumd spirits, bould in the quarrels, rights rousd to the encounter, or whether gasted by the noyse I made, but sodainly he fled.

Glost. Let him flie farre, not in this land shall hee remaine vncaught and found; dispatch, the noble Duke my maister, my worthy Arch and Patron, comes to night; by his authoritie I will proclaime it, that he which finds him shall deserue our thankes, bringing the murderous caytife to the stake; hee that conceals him, death.

Bast. When I disswaded him from his intent, and found him pight to doe it, with curst speech I threatned to discouer him; he replyed, thou vnpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke, if I would stand against thee, could the repostire of any, trust, vertue, or worth in thee make thy words fayth'd? no. what I should denie, as this I would; I, though thou didst produce my very character, id'e turne it all to thy suggestion, plot, and damned pretence, and thou must make a dullard of the world, if they not thought the profits of my death, were very pregnant and potentiall spurres to make thee seeke it.

Glost. Strong and fastned villaine, would he denie his letter? I neuer got him; harke the Dukes trumpets, I know not why he comes; all Ports ile barre, the villaine shall not scape, the Duke must grant mee that; besides, his picture I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome may haue note of him; and of my land, loyall and naturall boy ile worke the meanes to make thee capable.

Enter the Duke of Cornwall.

Corn. How now my noble friend, since I came hether, which I can call but now, I haue heard strange newes.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short which can

pursue

purſue the offender, how doſt my Lord?

Gloſt. Madam my old heart is crackt, is crackt.

Reg. What, did my fathers godſon ſeeke your life? he whom my father named your *Edgar*?

Gloſt. I Ladie, Ladie; ſhame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the ryotous knights, that tends vpon my father?

Gloſt. I know not Madam, tis too bad, too bad.

Baſt. Yes Madam, he was.

Reg. No maruaile then though he were ill affected,
Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue the waſt and ſpoyle of his reuenues:
I haue this preſent euening from my ſiſter,
Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe, ile not be there.

Duke. Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan*; *Edmund*, I heard that you haue ſhewen your father a child-like office.

Baſt. Twas my dutie Sir.

Gloſt. He did betray his practiſe, and receiued
This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.

Duke. Is he purſued? *Gloſt.* I my good Lord.

Duke. If he be taken, he ſhall neuer more be feard of doing harme; make your own purpoſe how in my ſtrength you pleaſe; for you *Edmund*, whoſe vertue and obedience, doth this inſtant ſo much commend it ſelfe, you ſhall bee ours; natures of ſuch deepe truſt, wee ſhall much need you, we firſt ſeaze on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerue you truly, how euer elſe.

Gloſt. For him I thanke your grace.

Duke. You know not why we came to viſit you?

Regan. Thus out of ſeaſon, threatning darke ey'd night,
Occaſions noble *Gloſter* of ſome poyſe,
Wherein we muſt haue vſe of your aduiſe;
Our Father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of diferences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home; the ſeueral meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch; our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſome, & beſtow your needfull councell
To our buſines, which craues the inſtant vſe. (*Exeunt. Gloſt.*

Gloſt. I ſerue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

Enter Kent, and Steward.

Steward. Good euen to thee friend, art of the houſe?

Kent. I. *Stew.* Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I'th mire. *Stew.* Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not. *Stew.* Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipſburie pinfold, I would make thee care for mee.

Stew. Why doſt thou vſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew, What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knaue, a raſcall, an eater of broken meates, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three ſhewted hundred pound, filthy worſted-ſtocken knaue, a lilly lyuer'd action taking knaue, a whorſon glaſſegazing ſuperfinicall rogue, one truncke inheriting ſlaue, one that would'ſt bee a baud in way of good ſeruice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a knaue, begger, coward, pander, and the ſonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom I will beat into clamorous whyning, if thou denie the leaſt ſillable of the addition.

Stew. What a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

Kent. What a brazen fac't varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt mee; is it two dayes agoe ſince I beat thee, and tript vp thy heeles before the King? draw you rogue, for though it be night, the Moone ſhines, ile make a ſop of the moone-ſhine a'you, draw you whorſon-cullyonly-barber-munger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to doe with thee.

Kent. Draw you raſcall, you bring letters againſt the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, againſt the royaltie of her father; draw you rogue, or ile ſo carbonado your ſhankes; draw you raſcall, come your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you ſlaue, ſtand rogue, ſtand you neate ſlaue, ſtrike. *Stew.* Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Enter Edmund with his rapier drawne, Gloſter the Duke and Dutcheſſe.

Baſt. How now, whats the matter?

Kent. With you goodman boy, and you pleaſe come, ile fleaſh you, come on yong maiſter.

Gloſt. Weapons, armes, whats the matter here?

Duke. Keepe peace vpon your liues; hee dies that ſtrikes againe, what's the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter, and the King.

Duke. Whats your difference, ſpeake?

Stew. I am ſcarſe in breath my Lord.

Kent. No maruaile you haue ſo beſtir'd your valour, you cowardly raſcall, nature diſclaimes in thee, a Tayler made thee.

Duke. Thou art a ſtrange fellow, a Taylor make a man.

Kent. I, a Tayler ſir; a Stone-cutter, or a Painter could not haue made him ſo ill, though hee had beene but two houres at the trade.

Gloſt. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient ruffen ſir, whoſe life I haue ſpar'd at ſute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whorſon Zedd, thou vnneceſſarie letter! my Lord if you'l giue mee leaue, I will tread this vnboulted villaine into morter, and daube the walles of a iaques with him, ſpare my gray beard, you wagtayle!

Duke. Peace ſir, you beaſtly Knaue you haue no reuerence.

Kent. Yes ſir, but anger has a priuiledge.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlaue as this ſhould weare a ſword,
That weares no honeſty; ſuch ſmiling roges as theſe,
Like Rats oft bite thoſe cordes in twaine
Which are to intrench, to inlooſe ſmooth euery paſſion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Bring oyle to ſtir, ſnow to their colder-moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With euery gale and varie of their maiſters, (epeliptick
Knowing nought like dayes but following: a plague vpon your
Viſage; ſmoyle you my ſpeeches, as I were a foole?
Gooſe and I had you vpon Sarum plaine,
Id'e ſend you cackling home to Camulet.

Duke. What art thou mad old fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more, antipathy,
Then I and ſuch a knaue.

Duke. Why doſt thou call him knaue, what's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perchance does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue ſeene better faces in my time
Then ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Duke. This is a fellow who hauing beene prayſd
For bluntnes, doth affect a ſawcy ruffines,
And conſtraines the garb quite from his nature;
He cannot flatter he, he muſt be plaine,
He muſt ſpeake truth; and they will tak't, ſo;
If not he's plaine; theſe kind of knaues I know
Which in this plainnes harbour more craft,
And more corrupter ends, then twentie ſilly ducking
Obſeruants, that ſtretch their duties nifely.

Kent. Sir in good ſooth, or in ſincere veritie,
Vnder the allowance of your graund aſpect;
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radient fire
In flickering *Phœbus* front.

Duke. What mean'ſt thou by this?

Kent. To goe out of my dialogue which you diſcommend ſo much; I know ſir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I will not bee, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to intreat mee too't.

Duke. What's the offence you gaue him?

Stew. I neuer gaue him any, it pleas'd the King his maiſter
Very late to ſtrike at me vpon his miſconſtruction,
When he coniunct, and flattering his diſpleaſure
Tript me behind; being downe, inſulted, rayld,
And put vpon him ſuch a deale of man, that
That worthied him, got prayſes of the King
For him attempting who was ſelfe-ſubdued,
And in the fleehuent of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of theſe roges & cowards but *Ajax* is their foole.

Duke. Bring forth the ſtockes ho? quia oh
You ſtubburne miſcreant knaue, you reuerent bragart,
Weele teach you.

Kent. I am too old to learne, call not your ſtockes for me,
I ſerue the King, on whoſe imployments I was ſent to you;
You ſhould doe ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the Grace and perſon of my maiſter,
Stopping his meſſenger.

Duke. Fetch forth the ſtockes as I haue life and honour,
There ſhall he ſit till noone.

Reg. Till noone, till night my Lord, and all night too,

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your fathers dogge, you could not vſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir being his knaue, I will.

Duke. This is a fellow of the ſelfe ſame nature,
Our ſiſter ſpeake of; come bring away the ſtockes.

Gloſt. Let me beſeech your Grace not to doe ſo,
His fault is much, and the good King his maiſter
VVill check him for't; your purpoſt low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and temneſt wretches for pilfrings
And moſt common treſpaſſes are puniſht with;
The King muſt take it ill, that hee's ſo ſlightly valued
In his meſſenger, ſhould haue him thus reſtrained.

Duke. Ile anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receiue it much more worſe,
To haue her Gentlemen abus'd, aſſalted
For following her affaires; put in his legges,
Come my good Lord, away.

Gloſt. I am ſory for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleaſure,
VVhoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
VVill not be rubd, nor ſtopt; ile intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray you doe not ſir, I haue watcht and trauaild hard,
Sometime I ſhal ſleepe out, the reſt ile whiſtle;
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:
Giue you good morrow.

Gloſt. The Dukes to blame in this, twill be ill tooke.

Kent. Good King that muſt approue the cõmon ſaw;
Thou out of heauens benediction comeſt

To the warme Sunne.
Approach thou beacon to this vnder gloabe,
That by thy comfortable beames I may
Peruſe this letter, nothing almoſt ſees my wracke
But miſerie, I know tis from *Cordelia*,
VVho hath moſt fortunately bin informed
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall find time
From this enormious ſtate ſeeking to giue
Loſſes their remedies: all wearie and ouerwatch
Take vantage heauie eyes not to behold
This ſhamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile, once more turne thy wheele. *ſleepes.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heare my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happie hollow of a tree
Eſcapt the hunt; no Port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt vnuſuall vigilence
Doth not attend my taking: while I may ſcape
I will preſerue my ſelfe, and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neare to beaſt; my face ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loynes, elſe all my haire with knots,
And with preſented nakednes outface,
The wind, and perſecution of the skie;
The Countrie giues me proofe and preſident
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roring voyces
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare armes
Pins, wodden prickes, nayles, ſprigs of roſemary;
And with this horrible obiect, from low ſeruice,
Poore pelting villages, ſheep-coates, and milles,
Sometime with lunaticke bans, ſometime with prayers
Enforce their charitie; poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's ſomething yet, *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit*

Enter King.

Lear. Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from hence,
And not ſend backe my meſſenger.

Knight. As I learn'd, the night before there was

No purpoſe of his remoue.
Kent. Hayle to thee noble maiſter.
Lear. How, mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?
Foole. Ha ha, looke he weares crewell garters,
Horſes are tide by the heeles, dogges and beares
By't h necke, munkies bit'h loynes, and men
By't h legges; when a mans ouer luſty at legs,
Then he weares wooden neatherſtockes.
Lear. Whats he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtooke to ſet thee here?
Kent. It is both he and ſhee, your ſonne & daugter.
Lear. No. *Kent.* Yes.
Lear. No I ſay, *Kent.* I ſay yea.
Lear. No no, they would not. *Kent.* Yes they haue.
Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſweare no, they durſt not do't;
They would not, could not do't, tis worſe then murder
To doe vpon reſpect ſuch violent outrage;
Reſolue me with all modeſt haſt, which way
Thou may'ſt deſerue, or they purpoſe this vſage
Coming from vs.
Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your highnes letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place that ſhewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poſt,
Stewd in his haſt, halfe breathles, panting forth
From *Gonorill* his miſtris, ſalutations,
Deliuered letters ſpite of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read, on whoſe contents
They ſummond vp their men, ſtraight tooke horſe,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leaſure
Of their anſwere; gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceau'd had poyſon'd mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Diſplay'd ſo sawcily againſt your Highnes,
Hauing more man then wit about me drew,
He raiſed the houſe with loud and coward cries,
Your ſonne and daughter found this treſpas worth

This ſhame which here it ſuffers.
Lear. O how this mother ſwels vp toward my hart,
Hyſterica paſſio downe thou climing ſorrow,
Thy element's below; where is this daughter?
Kent. With the Earle ſir within,
Lear. Follow me not, ſtay there.
Knight. Made you no more offēce then what you ſpeake of?
Kent. No; how chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a traine?
Foole. And thou hadſt beene ſet in the ſtockes for that queſtion, thou ha'dſt well deſerued it.
Kent. Why foole?
Foole. Weele ſet thee to ſchoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring in the winter; all that follow their noſes, are led by their eyes, but blind men; and ther's not a noſe among a 100. but can ſmell him thats ſtincking; let goe thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a hill, leaſt it breake thy necke with following it, but the great one that goes vp the hill, let him draw thee after; when a wiſe man giues thee better councell giue mee mine againe; I would haue none but knaues follow it, ſince a foole giues it.
That Sir that ſerues for gaine,
And followes but for forme:
Will packe when it begin's to raine,
And leaue thee in the ſtorme.
But I will tarie, the foole will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man flie:
The knaue turnes foole that runs away,
The foole no knaue perdy.
Kent. Where learnt you this foole?
Foole. Not in the ſtockes.

Enter Lear and Gloſter.

Lear. Denie to ſpeake with mee! th'are ſicke, th'are
They traueled hard to night; meare Iuſtice, (weary,
I the Images of reuolt and flying off;
Fetch mee a better anſwere.
Gloſt. My deere Lord, you know the fierie qualitie of the Duke, how vnremoueable and fixt he is in his owne Courſe.
Lear. Veng'eance, death, plague, confuſion, what fierie quality?

why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*, id'e ſpeake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.

Gloſt. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would ſpeak with *Cornewal*, the deare father
Would with his daughter ſpeake, commands her ſeruice;
Fierie Duke, tell the hot Duke that *Lear*——
No but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmitie doth ſtill neglect all office where to our health
Is boũd; we are not our ſelues, when nature being opreſt
Cõmand the mind to ſuffer with the bodie; ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more hedier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit, for the ſound man:
Death on my ſtate, wherfore ſhould he ſit here?
This act perſwades me, that this remotion of the Duke
Is practiſe; only giue me my ſeruant forth, (& her
Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile ſpeake with them
Now preſently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore ile beat the drum
Till it cry ſleepe to death.

Gloſt. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart, my heart.

Fooſe. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cokney did to the eeles, when ſhe put vm it'h pâſt aliue, ſhe rapt vm ath coxcombs with a ſtick, and cryed downe wantons downe: 'twas her brother, that in pure kindnes to his horſe buttered his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Duke. Hayle to your Grace.

Reg. I am glad to ſee your highnes.

Lear. *Regan* I thinke you are, I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo; if thou ſhouldſt not be glad,
I would diuorſe me from thy mothers tombe
Sepulchring an adultreſſe: yea are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy ſiſter is naught, oh *Regan* ſhe hath tyed,
Sharpe tooth'd vnkindnes like a vulture heare;
I can ſcarce ſpeake to thee, thou't not beleeue,
Of how depriued a qualitie; O *Regan*.

Reg. I pray ſir take patience, I haue hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert;
Then ſhe to ſlacke her dutie.

Lear. My curſſes on her.

Reg. O Sir you are old, (fine;
Nature on you ſtandes on the very verge of her con-
You ſhould be rul'd and led by ſome diſcretion,
That diſcernes your ſtate better thẽ you your ſelfe;
Therfore I pray that to our ſiſter, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her Sir.

Lear. Aske her forgiuenes?
Doe you marke how this becomes the houſe?
Deare daughter, I confeſſe that I am old,
Age is vnneceſſarie; on my knees I beg
That you'l vouchſafe me rayment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good ſir no more, theſe are vnſightly tricks,
Returne you to my ſiſter.

Lear. No *Regan*,
She hath abated me of halfe my traine,
Lookt blacke vpon me, ſtrooke mee with her tongue
Moſt Serpent-like vpon the very heart: (top;
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heauen fall on her ingratful
Strike her yong bones you taking ayrs with lamenes:

Duke. Fie fie ſir.
You nimble lightnings dart your blinding flames,
Into her ſcornfull eyes, infect her beautie;
You Fen-ſuckt fogs, drawne by the powrefull Sunne,
To fall and blaſt her pride.

Reg. O the bleſt Gods, ſo will you wiſh on me
When the raſh mood——

Lear. No *Regan*, thou ſhalt neuer haue my curſe,
The tẽder hefted nature ſhall not giue the ore (burne.
To harſhnes: her eies are fierce, but thine do cõfort & not
Tis not in thee to grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes, (traine,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in; thou better knoweſt,
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,

Effects of curteſie, dues of gratitude:
Thy halfe of the kingdome, haſt thou not forgot
Wherein I thee indow'd.
Reg. Good ſir too'th purpoſe.
Lear. Who put my man i'th ſtockes?
Duke. What trumpets that? *Enter Steward.*
Reg. I know't, my ſiſters: this approues her letters,
That ſhe would ſoone be here; is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a ſlaue, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickle grace of her a followes;
Out varlet, from my ſight.
Duke. What meanes your Grace? *Enter Gon.*
Gon. Who ſtruck my ſeruant? *Regan* I haue good hope
Thou didſt not know ant.
Lear. Who comes here? O heauens!
If you doe loue old men, if you ſweet ſway allow
Obedience, if your ſelues are old make it your cauſe,
Send downe and take my part,
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this beard?
O *Regan* wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand ſir, how haue I offended?
Als not offence that indiſcretion finds,
And dotage tearmes ſo.
Lear. O ſides you are too tough,
Will you yet hold? how came my man it'h ſtockes?
Duke. I ſet him there ſir, but his owne diſorders
Deſeru'd much leſſe aduancement.
Lear. You, did you?
Reg. I pray you father being weake ſeeme ſo;
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and ſoiorne with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing halfe your traine, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that prouiſion,
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Returne to her, and fiftie men diſmiſt,
No rather I abiure all roofes, and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmitie of the Ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Woolfe and owle.

Neceſſities

Neceſſities ſharpe pinch; returne with her?
Why the hot bloud in *France*, that dowerles
Tooke our yongeſt borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and Squire-like penſion bagg
To keepe baſe life afoot; returne with her?
Perſwade me rather to be ſlaue and ſumter
To this deteſted groome.
Gon. At your choiſe ſir.
Lear. Now I prithee daughter do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee my child, farewell;
Wee'le no more meete, no more ſee one another:
But yet thou art my fleſh, my bloud, my daughter;
Or rather a diſeaſe that lies within my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine, thou art a bile,
A plague ſore, an imboſſed carbuncle in my
Corrupted bloud; but I'le not chide thee.
Let ſhame come when it will, I doe not call it,
I doe not bid the thunder bearer ſhoote,
Nor tell tailes of thee to high Iudging *Ioue*;
Mend when thou canſt, be better at thy leaſure,
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether ſo ſir, I look not for you yet,
Nor am prouided for your fit welcome;
Giue eare ſir to my ſiſter; for thoſe
That mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to thinke you are old, and ſo;
But ſhe knowes what ſhee does.
Lear. Is this well ſpoken now?
Reg. I dare auouch it ſir, what fiftie followers?
Is it not well? what ſhould you need of more,
Yea or ſo many, ſith that both charge and danger
Speakes gainſt ſo great a number? how in a houſe
Should many people vnder two commands
Hold amytie? 'tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.
Gon. Why might not you my Lord receiue attendãce
From thoſe that ſhe cals ſeruants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not my Lord? if then they chanc'ſt to ſlacke you,
We could controwle them; if you will come to me,

For now I ſpie a danger, I intreat you,
To bring but fiue and twentie; to no more
Will I giue place or notice.
Lear. I gaue you all.
Reg. And in good time you gaue it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries,
But kept a reſeruation to be followed
With ſuch a number: what muſt I come to you
With fiue and twentie, *Regan* ſaid you ſo?
Reg. And ſpeak't againe my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do ſeem wel-fauor'd
When others are more wicked; not being the worſt
Stands in ſome ranke of prayſe: Ile goe with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twentie,
And thou art twice her loue.
Gon. Heare me my Lord,
What need you fiue and twentie, tenne, or fiue,
To follow in a houſe, where twiſe ſo many
Haue a commaund to tend you.
Regan. What needes one?
Lear. O reaſon not the deed! our baſeſt beggers,
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous,
Allow not nature more then nature needes,
Mans life as cheape as beaſts: thou art a Lady;
If onely to goe warme were gorgeous,
Why nature needes not, what thou gorgeous weareſt
Which ſcarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need:
You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need.
You ſee me here (you Gods) a poore old fellow,
As full of greeſe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that ſtirres theſe daughters hearts
Againſt their Father, foole me not to much,
To beare it lamely, touch me with noble anger;
O let not womens weapons, water drops
Stayne my mans cheekes; no you vnnaturall hags,
I will haue ſuch reuenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall, I will doe ſuch things,
What they are yet I know not, but they ſhalbe

The terrors of the earth: you thinke ile weepe,
No ile not weepe, I haue full cauſe of weeping,
But this heart ſhall breake, into a 100. thouſand flowes
Or ere ile weepe: O foole I ſhall goe mad.
Exeunt Lear, Leiſter, Kent, and Foole.
Duke. Let vs withdraw, twill be a ſtorme.
Reg. This houſe is little the old man and his people
Cannot be well beſtowed.
Gon. Tis his own blame hath put himſelfe from reſt,
And muſt needs taſt his folly.
Reg. For his particuler, ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.
Duke. So am I puspos'd: where is my Lord of *Gloſter*? *Enter Gloſter*
Reg. Followed the old man forth; he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage, & wil I know not whe-
Reg. 'Tis good to giue him way, he leads himſelfe. (ther.
Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no meanes to ſtay.
Glo. Alack the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do ſorely ruffel; for many miles about ther's not a buſh.
Reg. O ſir, to wilfull men
The iniuries that they themſelues procure,
Muſt be their ſchoolemaſters; ſhut vp your doores,
He is attended with a deſperate traine;
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt,
To haue his eare abuſd, wiſedome bids feare.
Duke. Shut vp your doores my Lord, tis a wild night,
My *Reg.* counſails well, come out at'h ſtorme. *Exeũt*
Enter Kent and a Gentleman at ſeuerall doores.
Kent. Whats here beſide foule weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather moſt vnquietly.
Kent. I know you, whers the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretfull element,
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled waters boue the maine (haire,
That things might change, or ceaſe; teares his white
Which the impetuous blaſts with eyles rage
Catch in their furie, and make nothing of;
Striues in his little world of man to outſcorne,

The too and fro conflicting wind and raine:
This night wherin the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Keepe their furre dry; vnbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-ieſt
His heart-ſtrooke-iniuries.

Kent. Sir I doe know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
Commend a deare thing to you; there is diuiſion,
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd,
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*;
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcattered kingdome, who alreadie wiſe in our
Haue ſecret feet in ſome of our beſt Ports, (negligẽce,
And are at point to ſhew their open banner.
Now to you, if on my credit you dare build ſo farre,
To make your ſpeed to Douer, you ſhall find
Some that will thanke you, making iuſt report
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plaine.
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance,
Offer this office to you.

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No doe not, am
For confirmation that I much more
Then my out-wall, open this purſe and take
What it containes; if you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
As feare not but you ſhall, ſhew her this ring,
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you doe not know; fie on this ſtorme,
I will goe ſeeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet:
That, when we haue found the King.
Ile this way, you that, he that firſt lights

Enter

On him, hollow the other. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lear, and Foole.

Lear. Blow wind, & cracke your cheekes, rage, blow
You caterickes, & Hircanios ſpout til you haue drencht
The ſteeples, drown'd the cockes; you ſulpherous, and
Thought-executing fires, vaunt-currers to
Oke-cleauing thunderboults, ſinge my white head;
And thou all ſhaking-thunder, ſmite flat
The thicke Rotunditie of the world, cracke natures
Mold, all Germains ſpill at once that make
Ingratefull man.

Foole. O Nunckle, Courtholy-water in a drie houſe
Is better then this raine water out a doore;
Good Nunckle in, and aske thy daughters bleſſing:
Heers a night pities nether wiſe man nor foole.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout raine;
Nor raine, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters,
I taske not you you elements with vnkindnes,
I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald you children,
You owe me no ſubſcription; why then let fall your horrible
Here I ſtãd your ſlaue, a poore infirme, weak, & (pleſure;
Deſpis'd ould man; but yet I call you ſeruile
Miniſters, that haue with 2. pernitious daughters ioin'd
Your high engẽdred battel gainſt a head ſo old, & white
As this. O tis foule.

Foole. Hee that has a houſe to put his head in has a good headpeece, the Codpeece that will houſe before the head, has any the head and hee ſhall lowſe, ſo beggers mary many, the man that makes his toe what hee his heart ſhould make, ſhall haue a corne cry woe, and turne his ſleepe to wake; for there was neuer yet faire woman but ſhee made mouthes in a glaſſe.

Lear. No I will be the patterne of all patience. *Enter Kent.* I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Whoſe there?

Foole. Marry heers Grace, & a codpis; that's a wiſeman and a foole.

Kent. Alas ſir, ſit you here?

Things

Things that loue night, loue not ſuch nights as theſe,
The wrathfull Skies gallow the very wanderer of the
Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
Since I was man, ſuch ſheets of fire,
Such burſts of horred thunder, ſuch grones of
Roaring winde, and rayne, I ne're remember
To haue heard; mans nature cannot cary
The affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadful
Powther ore our heades, find out their enemies now;
Tremble thou wretch that haſt within thee
Vndivulged crimes, vnwhipt of Iuſtice;
Hide thee thou bloudy hand, thou periur'd, and
Thou ſimular-man of vertue that art inceſtious;
Caytife in peeces ſhake, that vnder couert
And cõuenient ſeeming, haſt practiſed on mans life;
Cloſe-pent vp guilts, riue your concealed centers,
And cry theſe dreadfull ſummoners grace.
I am a man more ſind againſt their ſinning.

Kent. Alacke bare headed gracious my Lord, hard by here is a houell, ſome friendſhip will it lend you gainſt the tempeſt, repoſe you there, whilſt I to this hard houſe, more hard then is the ſtone whereof tis rais'd, (which euen but now demaunding after me denide me to come in) returne and force their ſcanted curteſie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
Come on my boy, how doſt my boy, art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe, where is this ſtraw my fellow,
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange that can
Make vild things precious; come you houell poore,
Foole and knaue I haue one part of my heart
That ſorrowes yet for thee.

Foole. Hee that has a little tine witte, with hey ho the wind and the raine, muſt make content with his fortunes fit, for the raine, it raineth euery day.

Lear. True my good boy, come bring vs to this houell.

Enter Gloſter and the Baſtard with lights.

Gloſt. Alacke alacke *Edmund* I like not this

Vnnatural

Vnnaturall dealing; when I deſir'd their leaue
That I might pitty him, they tooke me from me
The vſe of mine owne houſe, charg'd me on paine
Of their diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeake of him,
Intreat for him, nor any way ſuſtaine him.

Baſt. Moſt ſauage and vnnaturall. (the Dukes,

Gloſt. Go to, ſay you nothing, ther's a diuiſiõ betwixt
And a worſe matter then that, I haue receiued
A letter this night (tis dangerous to be ſpoken)
I haue lockt the letter in my cloſet; theſe iniuries
The King now beares will be reuenged home,
Ther's part of a power already landed:
We muſt incline to the King, I will ſeeke him, and
Priuily releeue him; goe you and maintaine talke
With the Duke, that my charity be not of him
Perceiued, if hee aske for me I am ill, and gon
To bed; though I die for't, as no leſſe is threatned me.
The King my old maſter muſt be releeued; there is
Some ſtrãge thing toward, *Edmund* pray you be careful. *Exit.*

Baſt. This curteſie forbid thee ſhal the Duke inſtãly
And of that letter to; this ſeems a faire deſeruing, (know,
And muſt draw me that which my father looſes, no leſſe
Then all; then yonger riſes when the old doe fall. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Kent, and foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, the the tyrannie of the open nights too ruffe for nature to indure.

Lear. Let me alone. *Kent.* Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'ſt tis much that this contẽtious ſtorme
Inuades vs to the skin, ſo tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt
The leſſer is ſcarce felt; thoud'ſt ſhun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging ſea,
Thoud'ſt meet the beare i'th mouth: whẽ the mind's free,
The bodies delicate, the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſences take all feeling elſe
Saue what beares their filiall ingratitude;

Is it not as this mouth ſhould teare this hand
For lifting food to't? but I will puniſh ſure,
No I will weepe no more, in ſuch a night as this!
O *Regan*, *Gonorill*, your old kind father (lies,
Whoſe franke heart gaue you all: O that way madnes
Let me ſhun that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Prethe goe in thy ſelfe, ſeeke thy one eaſe;
This tempeſt will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but ile goe in:
Poore naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittiles night,
How ſhall your houſe-leſſe heads, and vnfed ſides,
Your loopt, and windowed raggednes defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O I haue tane
Too little care of this, take phyſicke pompe,
Expoſe thy ſelfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou mayſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heauens more iuſt.

Foole. Come not in here Nunckle, her's a ſpirit, helpe me, helpe mee.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, whoſe there?

Foole. A ſpirit, he ſayes, his nam's poore *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there in the ſtraw, come forth?

Edg. Away, the fowle fiend followes me, thorough the ſharpe hathorne blowes the cold wind, goe to thy cold bed and warme thee.

Lear. Haſt thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*, whome the foule Fiende hath led through fire, and through foord, and whirli-poole, ore bog and quagmire, that has layd kniues vnder his pillow, and halters in his pue, ſet ratsbane by his pottage, made him proud of heart to ride on a bay trotting horſe ouer foure incht bridges, to courſe his owne ſhadow for a traytor? bleſſe thy fiue wits, *Toms* a cold, bleſſe thee from whirle-winds, ſtarre-bluſting, and taking, doe poore *Tom* ſome charitie, whom the

the foule fiend vexes; there could I haue him now, and there, and and there againe.

Lear. What, his daughters brought him to this paſſe?
Couldſt thou ſaue nothing, didſt thou giue them all?

Foole. Nay he reſeru'd a blanket, elſe we had beene all ſham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated ore mens faults, fall on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no daughters ſir.

Lear. Death traytor nothing could haue ſubdued nature
To ſuch a lownes but his vnkind daughters;
Is it the faſhion that diſcarded fathers
Should haue thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Iudicious puniſhment twas this fleſh
Begot thoſe Pelicane daughters.

Edg. Pilicock ſate on pelicocks hill, a lo lo lo.

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to fooles & madmen.

Edg. Take heede a'th foule fiend, obay thy parents, keep thy words iuſtly, ſweare not, commit not with mans-ſworne-ſpouſe, ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array, *Toms* a cold,

Lear. What haſt thou beene?

Edg. A Seruingman, proud in heart and mind, that curld my haire, wore gloues in my cap, ſerued the luſt of my miſtris heart, and did the act of darkenes with her, ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heauen, one that ſlept in the contriuing of luſt, and wakt to doe it, wine loued I deeply, dice deerely, and in woman out-paramord the Turke, falſe of heart, light of eare, bloudie of hand, Hog in ſloth, Fox in ſtealth, VVoolfe in greedines, Dog in madnes, Lyon in pray; let not the creeking of ſhooes, nor the ruſtlings of ſilkes betray thy poore heart to women, keepe thy foote out of brothell, thy hand out of placket, thy pen from lenders booke, and defie the foule fiend; ſtill through the hathorne blowes the cold wind, hay no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, ceaſe let him trot by.

Lear. Why thou wert better in thy graue, then to anſwere with thy vncouered bodie this extremitie of the skies, is man no more but this? cõſider him well thou oweſt the worme no ſilke, the beaſt no hide, the ſheepe no wooll, the cat no perfume; her's three ons are ſophiſticated, thou art the thing it ſelfe; vnaccom-

odated man is no more but such a poore bare forked Animall as thou art; off off you leadings, come on bee true.

Foole. Prithe Nunckle be content, this is a naughty night to swim in, now a little fire in a wild field were like an old leachers heart, a small sparke all the rest in bodie cold; looke here comes a walking fire. *Enter Gloster.*

Edg. This is the foule fiend *Sriberdegibut*, hee begins at curphew, and walks till the first cocke, he gins the web, he pinqueues the eye, and makes the harte lip, mildewes the white wheate, and hurts the poore creature of earth, swithald footed thrice the old a nell thu night more and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. Whats hee?

Kent. Whose there, what i'st you seeke?

Glost. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poore *Tom*, that eats the swimming frog, the tode, the tode pold, the wall-wort, and the water; that in the furie of his heart, when the foule fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets, swallowes the old ratt, and the ditch dogge, drinkes the greene mantle of the standing poole; who is whipt from tithing to tithing, and stock-punisht and imprisoned, who hath had three sutes to his backe, sixe shirts to his bodie, horse to ride, and weapon to weare.

But mise and rats, and such small Deere,
Hath beene *Toms* foode for seuen long yeare.
Beware my follower, peace snulbug, peace thou fiend.

Glost. What hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of darkenes is a Gentleman, *modo* he's caled and ma hu---

Glost. Our flesh and bloud is growne so vild my Lord, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold.

Glost. Go in with me, my dutie cānot suffer to obay in all your daughters hard commaunds, though their iniunction be to barre my doores, and let this tyranous night take hold vpon you, yet haue I venter'd to come seeke you out, and bring you where both food and fire is readie.

Lear.

Lear. First let me talke with this Philosopher,
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord take his offer, goe into the house.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this most learned Theban, what is your studie?

Edg. How to preuent the fiend, and to kill vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him to goe my Lord, his wits begin (to vnsettle.

Glost. Canst thou blame him,
His daughters seeke his death: O that good *Kent*,
He said it would be thus, poore banisht man,
Thou sayest the King growes mad, ile tell thee friend
I am almost mad my selfe, I had a sonne
Now out-lawed from my bloud, a sought my life
But lately, very late, I lou'd him friend
No father his sonne deerer; true to tell thee.
The greefe hath craz'd my wits,
What a nights this? I doe beseech your Grace.

Lear. O crie you mercie noble Philosopher, your com-

Edg. *Toms* a cold. (pany.

Glost. In fellow there, in't houell keepe thee warme.

Lear. Come lets in all.

Kent. This way my Lord.

Lear. With him I wil keep stil, with my Philosopher.

Ken. Good my Lord sooth him, let him take the fellow.

Glost. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirah come on, goe along with vs.

Lear. Come good Athenian.

Glost. No words, no words, husht.

Edg. Child *Rowland*, to the darke towne come,
His word was still fy, fo, and fum,
I smell the bloud of a British man.

Enter Cornewell and Bastard.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge ere I depart the house.

Bast. How my Lord I may be censured that nature thus giues way to loyaltie, some thing feares me to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers euill disposition made him seeke his death, but a prouoking merit

ſet a worke by a reproueable badnes in himſelfe.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to bee iuſt? this is the letter he ſpoke of, which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens that his treaſon were not, or not I the detecter.

Corn. Goe with me to the Dutches.

Baſt. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue mighty buſines in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of *Gloſter*, ſeeke out where thy father is, that hee may bee readie for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully, I will perſeuere in my courſe of loyaltie though the conflict be ſore betweene that and my bloud.

Corn. I will lay truſt vpon thee, and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my loue. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter and Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom.

Gloſt. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be long from you.

Ken. All the power of his wits haue giuen way to impatience, the Gods deſerue your kindnes.

Edg. *Fretereto* cals me, and tels me *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darknes; pray innocent beware the foule fiend.

Foole. Prithe Nunckle tell me, whether a mad man be a Gentleman or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King; to haue a thouſand with red burning ſpits come hiſzing in vpon them.

Edg. The foule fiend bites my backe,

Foole. He's mad, that truſts in the tamenes of a Wolfe, a horſes ~~healh~~, a boyes loue, or a whores oath.

Lear. It ſhalbe done, I wil arraigne them ſtraight,
Come ſit thou here moſt learned Iuſtice
Thou ſapient ſir ſit here; no you ſhee Foxes--

Edg. Looke where he ſtands, and glars; wanſt thou eyes, at tral madam, come ore the broome *Beſſy* to mee.

Foole. Her boat hath a leake, and ſhe muſt not ſpeake,
Why ſhe dares not come ouer to thee.

Edg.

Edg. The foule fiend haũts poore *Tom* in the voyce of a nightingale, Hoppedance, cries in *Toms* belly for two white herrings; Croke not blacke Angell, I haue no foode for thee.

Kent. How doe you ſir? ſtand you not ſo amazd, will you lie downe and reſt vpon the cuſhings?

Lear. Ile ſee their triall firſt, bring in their euidence, thou robbed man of Iuſtice take thy place, & thou his yokefellow of equity bench by his ſide, you are o'h commiſſion ſit you too.

Ed. Let vs deale iuſtly, ſleepeſt or wakeſt thou iolly ſhepheard, Thy ſheepe bee in the corne, and for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth, thy ſheepe ſhall take no harme, Pur the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraigne her firſt, tis *Gonoril*; I here take my oath before this honorable aſſembly, kickt the poore king her father.

Foole. Come hither miſtriſſe is your name *Gonoril.*

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy I tooke you for a ioyne ſtoole.

Lear. And heres another whoſe warpt-lookes proclaime
What ſtore her hart is made on, ſtop her there;
Armes, armes, ſword, fire, corruption in the place,
Falſe Iuſticer why haſt thou let her ſcape.

Edg. Bleſſe thy fiue wits.

Kent. O pity ſir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft haue boaſted to retaine.

Edg. My teares begin to take his part ſo much,
Theile marre my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet hart; ſee they barke at me.

Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them, auant you curs.
Be thy mouth or blacke, or white, tooth that poyſons if it bite,
Maſtiſe, gray hoũd, mungril, grim-hoũd, or ſpaniel, brach or him,
Bobtaile tike, or trũdletaile, *Tom* will make them weep & waile;
For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape the hatch and all are fled, loudla doodla come march to wakes, and faires, and market townes, poore *Tom* thy horne is dry.

Lear. Then let them anotomize *Regan*, ſee what breeds about her:
Hart is there any cauſe in nature that makes this hardnes,
You ſir, I entertaine you for one of my hundred,
Only I do not like the faſhion of your garments youle ſay,

They

They are Perſian attire, but let them be chang'd.
Kent. Now good my Lord lie here awhile.
Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the curtains, ſo, ſo, ſo,
Weele go to ſupper i'h morning, ſo, ſo, ſo, *Enter Gloſter.*
Gloſt. Come hither friend, where is the King my maiſter.
Kent. Here ſir, but trouble him not his wits are gon.
Gloſt. Good friend I prithy take him in thy armes,
I haue o'r heard a plot of death vpon him;
Ther is Litter ready lay him in't, & driue towards Douer frend,
Where thou ſhalt meet both welcome & protection, take vp thy (maſter,
If thou ſhould'ſt dally halfe an houre, his life with thine
And all that offer to defend him ſtand in aſſured loſſe;
Take vp to keepe and followe me that will to ſome prouiſion
Giue thee quicke conduct.
Kent. Oppreſſed nature ſleepes,
This reſt might yet haue balmed thy broken ſinewes,
Which if conuenience will not alow ſtand in hard cure;
Come helpe to beare thy maiſter, thou muſt not ſtay behind.
Gloſt. Come, come away. *Exit.*
Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes; we ſcarcely thinke, our miſeries, our foes.
Who alone ſuffers ſuffers, moſt it'h mind;
Leauing free things and happy ſhowes behind,
But then the mind much ſufferance doth o'r e ſcip,
When griefe hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip:
How light and portable my paine ſeemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow.
He childed as I fathered; *Tom* away,
Marke the high noyſes and thy ſelfe bewray,
When falſe opinion whoſe wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy iuſt proofe repeals and reconciles thee;
What will hap more to night, ſafe ſcape the King,
Lurke, lurke.
Enter Cornwall, and Regan, and Gonoril, and Baſtard. (letter
Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my Lord your husband, ſhew him this
The army of France is landed, ſeeke out the vilaine *Gloſter.*
Regan. Hang him inſtantly.
Gon. Plucke out his eyes. (company
Corn. Leaue him to my diſpleaſure, *Edmũd* keep you our ſiſter

The reuenge we are bound to take vpon your trayterous father,
Are not fit for your beholding, aduiſe the Duke where you are
To a moſt feſtiuant preparatiõ, we are bound to the like, (going
Our poſt ſhall be ſwift and intelligence betwixt vs,
Farewell deere ſiſter, farewell my Lord of *Gloſter*, *loq. ad Edmundu*
How now whers the King? *Enter Steward.*
Stew. My Lord of *Gloſter* hath conueyd him hence, *coy ſtrills*
Some fiue or ſixe and thirtie of his Knights hot queſtrits after
him, met him at gate, who with ſome other of the Lords depen-
dants are gone with him towards Douer, where they boaſt to
haue well armed friends.
Corn. Get horſes for your miſtris.
Gon. Farewell ſweet Lord and ſiſter. *Exit Gon. and Baſt.*
Corn. Edmund farewell: goe ſeeke the traytor *Gloſter;*
Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,
Though we may not paſſe vpon his life
Without the forme of Iuſtice; yet our power
Shall doe a curteſie to our wrath, which men may blame
But not controule; whoſe there, the traytor?
Enter Gloſter brought in by two or three,
Reg. Ingratfull Fox tis hee.
Corn. Bind faſt his corkie armes.
Gloſt. What meanes your Graces? good my friends conſider,
You are my geſts, doe me no foule play friends.
Corn. Bind him I ſay,
Reg. Hard hard, O filthie traytor!
Gloſt. Vnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.
Corn. To this chaire bind him, villaine thou ſhalt find---
Gloſt. By the kind Gods tis moſt ignobly done, to pluck me
by the beard. *Reg.* So white, and ſuch a Traytor.
Gloſt. Naughty Ladie, theſe haires which thou doſt rauiſh from
Will quicken and accuſe thee, I am your hoſt. (my chin
With robbers hands, my hoſpitable fauours
You ſhould not ruffell thus; what will you doe?
Corn. Come ſir, what letters had you late from *France*?
Reg. Be ſimple anſwerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy haue you with the tratours late
footed in the kingdome?
Reg. To whoſe hands you haue ſent the lunatick King ſpeake?
Gloſt. I haue a letter geſſingly ſet downe,
Which came from one, that's of a neutrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning. *Reg.* And falſe.
Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King? *Gloſt.* To Douer.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer? waſt thou not charg'd at perill...
Corn. Wherefore to Douer? let him firſt anſwere that.
Gloſt. I am tide tot'h ſtake, and I muſt ſtand the courſe.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer ſir?
Gloſt. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruell nayles
Pluck out his poore old eyes, nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his anoynted fleſh raſh boriſh phangs,
The Sea with ſuch a ſtorme of his lou'd head
In hell-blacke-night indur'd, would haue layd vp
And quencht the ſteeled fires; yet poore old heart,
Hee holpt the heauens to rage,
If wolues had at thy gate heard that dearne time
Thou ſhouldſt haue ſaid, good Porter turne the key:
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd: but I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance ouertake ſuch children.
Corn. See't ſhalt thou neuer, fellowes hold the chaire,
Vpon thoſe eyes of thine, Ile ſet my foote.
Gloſt. He that will thinke to liue till he be old
Giue me ſome helpe, O cruell, O ye Gods!
Reg. One ſide will mocke another, tother to.
Corn. If you ſee vengeance---
Seruant. Hold your hand my Lord
I haue ſeru'd euer ſince I was a child (you hold.
But better ſeruice haue I neuer done you, thē now to bid
Reg. How now you dogge!
Seru. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin id'e ſhake it
on this quarrell, what doe you meane?
Corn. My villaine! *draw and fight.*
Seru. Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Giue me thy ſword, a peſant ſtand vp thus.

She

She takes a ſword and runs at him behind.

Seruant. Oh I am ſlaine my Lord, yet haue you one eye left to
ſee ſome miſchiefe on him, oh!
Corn. Leaſt it ſee more preuent it, out vild Ielly!
Where is thy luſter now?
Gloſt. All darke and comfortles, wher's my ſonne *Edmund*?
Edmund vnbridle all the ſparks of nature, to quit this horred act.
Reg. Out villaine, thou calſt on him that hates thee, it was he
that made the ouerture of thy treaſons to vs, who is too good to
pittie thee.
Gloſt. O my follies, then *Edgar* was abus'd;
Kind Gods forgiue me that, and proſper him.
Reg. Goe thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell his way to
Douer: how iſt my Lord? how looke you?
Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt, follow me Ladie,
Turne out that eyles villaine, throw this ſlaue vpon
The dungell *Regan*; I bleed apace, vntimely
Comes this hurt, giue me your arme. *Exit.*
Seruant. Ile neuer care what wickednes I doe,
If this man come to good.
2 *Seruant.* If ſhe liue long, & in the end meet the old courſe
of death, women will all turne monſters.
1 *Ser.* Lets follow the old Earle, and get the bedlom
To lead him where he would, his rogiſh madnes
Allows it ſelfe to any thing.
2 *Ser.* Goe thou, ile fetch ſome flaxe and whites of egges to
apply to his bleeding face; now heauen helpe him. *Exit.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemnd,
Then ſtill contemn'd and flattered to be worſt;
The loweſt and moſt deiected thing of Fortune
Stands ſtill in experience, liues not in feare,
The lamentable change is from the beſt,
The worſt returnes to laughter;
Who's here, my father poorlie, leed, world, world, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age. *Enter Gloſt. led by an old man.*
Old man O my good Lord, I haue beene your tenant, & your

fathers tenant this foreſcore---
Gloſt. Away, get thee away, good friend be gon,
Thy comforts can doe me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.
Old man. Alack ſir, you cannot ſee your way.
Gloſt. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes,
I ſtumbled when I ſaw; full oft tis ſeene
Our meanes ſecure vs, and our meare defects
Proue our comodities: ah deere ſonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed fathers wrath,
Might I but liue to ſee thee in my tuch,
Id'e ſay I had eyes againe.
Old man. How now whoſe there?
Edg. O Gods, who iſt can ſay I am at the worſt,
I am worſe then ere I was.
Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom*.
Edg. And worſe I may be yet, the worſt is not,
As long as we can ſay this is the worſt.
Old man. Fellow where goeſt?
Gloſt. Is it a begger man?
Old man. Mad man, and begger to.
Gloſt. A has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg;
In the laſt nights ſtorme I ſuch a fellow ſaw,
Which made me thinke a man a worme, my ſonne
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind (ſince,
Was then ſcarce friendes with him, I haue heard more
As flies are toth' wanton boyes, are we toth' Gods,
They bitt vs for their ſport.
Edg. How ſhould this be, bad is the trade that muſt play the
foole to ſorrow angring it ſelfe and others; bleſſe thee maiſter.
Gloſt. Is that the naked fellow?
Old man. I my Lord.
Gloſt. Then prethee get thee gon, if for my ſake
Thou wilt oretake vs here a mile or twaine
Ith' way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue;
And bring ſome couering for this naked ſoule
Who Ile intreate to leade me.
Old man. Alack ſir he is mad.

Gloſt. Tis the times plague, when madmen lead the (blind;
Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleaſure,
Aboue the reſt, be gon.
Old man. Ile bring him the beſt parrell that I haue
Come on't what will.
Gloſt. Sirrah naked fellow.
Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.
Gloſt. Come hither fellow.
Edg. Bleſſe thy ſweete eyes, they bleed.
Gloſt. Knowſt thou the way to Douer?
Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe way, and foot-path.
Poore *Tom* hath beene ſcard out of his good wits,
Bleſſe the good man from the foule fiend,
Fiue fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,
Of luſt, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* Prince of dumbnes,
Mahu of ſtealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of
Mobing, & *Mobing* who ſince poſſeſſes chambermaids
And waiting women, ſo, bleſſe thee maiſter. (plagues
Gloſt. Here take this purſe, thou whome the heauens
Haue humbled to all ſtrokes, that I am wretched, makes
The happier, heauens deale ſo ſtill, (thee
Let the ſuperfluous and luſt-dieted man
That ſtands your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he does not feele, feele your power quickly;
So diſtribution ſhould vnder exceſſe,
And each man haue enough, doſt thou know Douer?
Edg. I maſter.
Gloſt. There is a cliffe whoſe high & bending head
Lookes firmely in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brimme of it
And ile repaire the miſery thou doſt beare
With ſomething rich about me;
From that place I ſhal no leading need.
Edg. Giue me thy arme, poore *Tom* ſhall lead thee.

Enter Gonorill and Baſtard.

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I maruaile our mild huſband
Not met vs on the way, now where's your maiſter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madame within, but neuer man so chang'd, I told him of the army that was landed, he smild at it; I told him you were coming, his answere was the worse; of *Glosters* treacherie, and of the loyall seruice of his sonne when I enform'd him, then hee cald me sott, and told me I had turnd the wrong side out; what hee should most desire seemes pleasant to him, what like offensiue.

Gon. Then shall you goe no further,
It is the cowish curre of his spirit
That dares not vndertake, hele not feele wrongs
Which tie him to an answere; our wishes on the way
May proue effects; backe *Edgar* to my brother,
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers,
I must change armes at home, and giue the distaffe
Into my husbands hands; this trusty seruant
Shall passe betweene vs; ere long you are like to heare
If you dare venture in your owne behalfe,
A mistresses coward, weare this spare speech,
Decline your head; this kisse if it durst speake
Would stretch thy spirits vp into the ayre;
Conceaue, and far you well.

Bast. Yours in the ranks of death. (are dew

Gon. My most deere *Gloster*, to thee womans seruices
My foote vsurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord. *Exit Stew.*

Gon. I haue beene worth the whistle. (rude wind

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the dust which the
Blowes in your face, I feare your disposition
That nature which contemnes it origin
Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe;
She that her selfe will sliuer and disbranch
From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly vse.

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisedome and goodnes, to the vild seeme vild,
Filths sauor but themselues, what haue you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man

Whose

Whose reuerence euen the head-lugd beare would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded,
Could my good brother suffer you to doe it?
A man, a Prince, by him so benifflicted,
If that the heauens doe not their visible spirits (come
Send quickly downe to tame the vild offences, it will
Humanity must perforce pray on it selfe like monsters of
Gon. Milke liuerd man (the deepe.
That beares a cheeke for blows, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eye deseruing thine honour:
From thy suffering, that not know'st fools, do those vilains pitty
Who are punisht ere they haue done their mischiefe,
Wher's thy drum? *France* spreds his banners in our noyftles land,
With plumed helme, thy slayer begin threats
Whil's thou a morall foole sits still and cries
Alack why does he so?

Alb. See thy selfe deuill, proper deformity seemes not in the fiend so horid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole!

Alb. Thou changed, and selfe-couerd thing for shame
Be-monster not thy feature, wer't my fitnes
To let these hands obay my bloud,
They are apt enough to dissecate and teare
Thy flesh and bones; how ere thou art a fiend,
A womans shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry your manhood now---

Alb. What newes. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Gent. O my good Lord the Duke of *Cornwals* dead, slaine by his seruant, going to put out the other eye of *Gloster*.

Alb. *Glosters* eyes?

Gen. A seruant that he bred thrald with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great maister, who thereat inraged
Flew on him, and amongst them feld him dead,
But not without that harmefull stroke, which since
Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shewes you are aboue you Iustices,
That these our nether crimes so speedely can venge.

But

But O poore *Gloſter* loſt he his other eye?
Gent. Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a ſpeedy (anſwer,
Tis from your ſiſter. *Gon.* One way I like this well,
But being widow and my *Gloſter* with her,
May all the building on my fancie plucke,
Vpon my hatefull life; another way the newes is not ſo tooke;
Ile reade and anſwer. *Exit.*
Alb. Where was his ſonne when they did take his eyes.
Gent. Come with my Lady hither. *Alb.* He is not here,
Gent. No my good Lord I met him backe againe.
Alb. Knowes he the wickednesſe?
Gent. I my good Lord, was he informd againſt him,
And quit the houſe on purpoſe that there puniſhment
Might haue the freer courſe. (King,
Alb. Gloſter I liue to thanke thee for the loue thou ſhewedſt the
And to reuenge thy eyes, come hither friend,
Tell me what more thou knoweſt. *Exit.*

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of *Fraunce* is ſo ſuddenly gone backe, know you no reaſon?
Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate, which ſince his comming forth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdome So much feare and danger, that his perſonall returne was moſt required and neceſſarie.
Kent. Who hath he left behind him, General?
Gent. The Marſhall of *France* Monſier *la Far.* (of griefe?
Kent. Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonſtratiõ
Gent. I ſay ſhe tooke them, read them in my preſence,
And now and then an ample teare trild downe
Her delicate cheeke, it ſeemed ſhe was a queene ouer her paſſion,
Who moſt rebell-like, ſought to be King ore her.
Kent. O then it moued her.
Gent. Not to a rage; patience, and ſorow ~~ſtreme~~ *ſhaue*,
Who ſhould expreſſe her goodlieſt: you haue ſeene,
Sun ſhine and raine at once, her ſmiles and teares,
Were like a better way; thoſe happie ſmilets,
That playd on her ripe lip ſeeme not to know,
What gueſts were in her eyes, which parted thence

As pearles from diamõnds dropt: in briefe
Sorow would be a raritie moſt beloued,
If all could ſo become it.
Kent. Made ſhe no verball queſtion.
Gent. Faith once or twice ſhe heau'd the name of father,
Pantingly forth as if it preſt her heart,
Cried ſiſters, ſiſters, ſhame of Ladies ſiſters:
Kent, father, ſiſters, what ith ſtorme ith night?
Let pitie not be beleeft; there ſhe ſhooke
The holy water from her heauenly eyes,
And clamour moyſtened her, then away ſhe ſtarted,
To deale with griefe alone.
Kent. It is the ſtars, the ſtars aboue vs gouerne our conditions,
Elſe one ſelfe mate and make could not beget,
Such different iſſues; you ſpoke not with her ſince?
Gent. No. *Kent.* Was this before the King returnd?
Gent. No, ſince.
Kent. Well ſir, the poore diſtreſſed *Lear*'s ith towne,
Who ſome time in his better tune remembers,
What we are come about, and by no meanes will yeeld to ſee his (daughter.
Gent. Why good ſir?
Kent. A ſoueraigne ſhame ſo elbows him, his own vnkindnes
That ſtript her from his benediction, turnd her
To forraine caſualties, gaue her deare rights,
To his dog-harted daughters; theſe things ſting his mind,
So venomouſly that burning ſhame detaines him from *Cordelia.*
Gent. Alack poore Gentleman.
Kent. Of *Albanies* and *Cornewals* powers you heard not?
Gent. Tis ſo they are a foote.
Kent. Well ſir, ile bring you to our maiſter *Lear*,
And leaue you to attend him, ſome deere cauſe,
Will in concealement wrap me vp awhile;
When I am knowne aright you ſhall not greeue,
Lending me this acquaintance; I pray you go along with me.
Enter Cordelia, Doctor and others. *Exit.*
Cor. Alack tis he, why he was met euen now
As mad as the vent ſea ſinging aloud,
Crownd with ranke femiter and furrow-weedes,

With hor-docks, hemlocke, netles, cookow flowers,
Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow,
In our ſuſtayning corne: a centurie is ſent forth;
Search euery acre in the hie growne field,
And bring him to our eye; what can mans wiſdome
In the reſtoring his bereued ſence? he that can helpe him
Take all my outward worth.
Doct. There is meanes Madame.
Our foſter nurſe of nature is repoſe,
The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him,
Are many ſimples operatiue, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.
Cord. All bleſt ſecrets, all you vnpubliſht vertues of the earth,
Spring with my teares be ayd ant, and remediat,
In the good mans diſtreſſe; ſeeke, ſeeke, for him,
Leſt his vngouernd rage diſſolue the life,
That wants the meanes to lead it. *Enter meſſenger.*
Meſ. News Madam, the Britiſh powers are marching hither.
Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation ſtands, (ward.
In expectation of them; ô deere father
It is thy buſines that I go about, therfore great *France*
My mourning and important teares hath pitied,
No blowne ambition doth our armes in cite
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd fathers right;
Soone may I heare, and ſee him. *Exit.*

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brothers powers ſet forth?
Stew. I Madam. *Reg.* Himſelfe in perſon?
Stew. Madam with much ado, your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lady at home?
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What might import my ſiſters letters to him?
Stew. I know not Lady.
Reg. Faith he is poſted hence on ſerious matter,
It was great ignorance, *Gloſters* eyes being out
To let him liue; where he ariues he moues
All harts againſt vs, and now I thinke is gone
In pitie of his miſery to diſpatch his nighted life,

More-

Moreouer to diſcrie the ſtrength at'h army.
Stew. I muſt needs after him with my letters
Reg. Our troope ſets forth to morrow, ſtay with vs,
The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madame, my Lady charg'd my dutie in this buſines.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund*? might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word, belike
Some thing, I know not what; ile loue thee much,
Let me vnſeale the letter.
Stew. Madam I'd e rather---
Reg. I know your Lady does not loue her huſband
I am ſure of that, and at her late being here
Shee gaue ſtrange eliads, and moſt ſpeaking lookes
To noble *Edmund*, I know you are of her boſome.
Stew. I Madam.
Reg. I ſpeake in vnderſtanding, for I know't,
Therefore I doe aduiſe you take this note;
My Lord is dead, *Edmund* and I haue talkt,
And more conuenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies, you may gather more
If you doe find him, pray you giue him this,
And when your miſtris heares thus much from you
I pray deſire her call her wiſedome to her, ſo farewell;
If you doe chance to heare of that blind traytor,
Preferment fals on him that cuts him off.
Ste. Would I could meet him Madam, I would ſhew
What Lady I doe follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. *Edgar Exit.*

Enter Gloſter and Edmund.

Gloſt. When ſhall we come toth' top of that ſame hill?
Edg. You do climbe it vpnow, looke how we labour?
Gloſt. Me thinks the ground is euen.
Edg. Horrible ſteepe, harke doe you heare the ſea?
Gloſt. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other ſences grow imperfect
By your eyes anguiſh.
Gloſt. So may it be indeed,

Me thinks thy voyce is altered, and thou ſpeakeſt
With better phraſe and matter then thou didſt.
Edg. Y'ar much deceaued, in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.
Gloſt. Me thinks y'ar better ſpoken. (feareful
Edg. Come on ſir, her's the place, ſtand ſtill, how
And dizi tis to caſt ones eyes ſo low:
The crowes and choghes that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarce ſo groſſe as beetles, halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers ſampire, dreadfull trade,
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head,
The fiſhermen that walke vpon the beach
Appeare like miſe, and yon tall anchoring barke
Diminiſht to her cock, her cock a boui
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight, the murmuring ſurge
That on the vnnumbred idle peeble chaffes
Cannot be heard; its ſo hie ile looke no more,
Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.
Gloſt. Set me where you ſtand?
Edg. Giue me your hand, you are now within a foot
Of th'extreame verge, for all beneath the Moone
Would I not leape vpright.
Gloſt. Let goe my hand;
Here friend's another purſſe, in it a iewell,
Well worth a poore mans taking; Fairies and Gods
Proſper it with thee, goe thou farther off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well good ſir.
Gloſt. VVith all my heart. (to cure it.
Edg. Why I do trifell thus with his diſpaire is done
Gloſt. O you mightie Gods, *He kneeles.*
This world I doe renounce, and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could beare it longer and not fall
To quarel with your great oppoſles wils
My ſnu-ff and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out; if *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe,

Now fellow fare thee well. *He fals.*
Edg. Gon ſir, farewell; and yet I know not how conceit ~~my~~ may
robbe the treaſurie of life, when life it ſelfe yealds to the theft;
had he beene where he thought, by this had thought beene paſt;
aliue or dead, ho you ſir, heare you ſir, ſpeak, thus might he paſſe
indeed, yet he reuiues, what are you ſir?
Gloſt. Away and let me die.
Edg. Hadſt thou beene ought but goſmore feathers, ayre,
So many fadome downe precipitating
Thou hadſt ſhiuerd like an egge; but thou doſt breath,
Haſt heauy ſubſtance, bleedſt not? ſpeakeſt, art ſound?
Ten maſts at leaſt each, make not the altitude,
VVhich thou haſt perpendicularly fallna;
Thy lifes a miracle, ſpeake yet againe.
Gloſt. But haue I fallen or no?
Edg. From the dread ſommons of this chalkie borne;
Looke vp a hight, the ſhrill gorg'd larke ſo farre
Cannot bee ſeene or heard, doe but looke vp?
Gloſt. Alack I haue no eyes.
Is wretchednes depriu'd, that benefit
To end it ſelfe by death? twas yet ſome comfort
When miſery could beguile the tyrants rage]
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Giue me your arme.
Vp, ſo, how feele you your legges, you ſtand.
Gloſt. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is aboue all ſtrangenes
Vpon the crowne of the cliffe what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Gloſt. A poore vnfortunate bagger.
Edg. As I ſtood here below me thoughts his eyes
VVere two full Moones, a had a thouſand noſes,
Hornes welk't and waued like the enridged ſea,
It was ſome fiend, therefore thou happy father
Thinke that the cleereſt Gods, who made their honours
Of mens impoſſibilities, haue preſerued thee.
Gloſt. I doe remember now, henceforth ile beare
Affliction till it doe crie out it ſelfe

Enough, enough, and die: that thing you ſpeake of,
I tooke it for a man, often would it ſay
The fiend the fiend, he led me to that place.
Edg. Bare free & patient thoughts; but who comes here
The ſafer ſence will neare accõmodate his maiſter thus.

Enter Lear mad.

Lear. No they cannot touch mee for coyning, I am the king
Edg. O thou ſide pearcing ſight. (himſelfe.
Lear. Nature is aboue Art in that reſpect, ther's your preſſe money, that fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper, draw me a clothiers yard, looke, looke a mowſe, peace, peace, this toſted cheeſe will do it, ther's my gauntlet, ile proue it on a gyant, bring vp the browne-billes, O well flowne bird in the ayre, hagh, giue the word. *Edg.* Sweet Margerum.
Lear. Paſſe. *Gloſt.* I know that voyce.
Lear. Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flattered mee like a dogge, and tould me I had white haires in my beard, ere the black ones were there, to ſay I and no to euery thing I ſaide, I and no toe was no good diuinitie, when the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make mee chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I ſmelt them out, goe toe, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was euery thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-proofe.
Gloſt. The tricke of that voyce I doe well remember, iſt not the King?
Lear. I euer inch a King when I do ſtare, ſee how the ſubiect quakes, I pardon that mans life; what was thy cauſe, adultery? thou ſhalt not die for adulterie, no the wren goes toot, and the ſmal guilded flie doe letcher in my ſight; ler copulation thriue, for *Gloſters* baſtard ſon was kinder to his father then my daughters got tweene the lawfull ſheets; toot luxurie, *pell, mell*, for I lacke ſouldiers: behold yon ſimpring dame whoſe face between her forkes preſageth ſnow, that minces vertue, and do ſhake the head hearc of pleaſures name; to fichew nor the ſoyled horſe goes toot with a more riotous appetite, down frõ the waſt tha're centaures though women all aboue, but to the girdle doe the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, thers hell, thers darkneſſe, ther's the ſulphury pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumation, fie,

fie, fie, pah, pah, Giue mee an ounce of Ciuet, good Apothocarie, to ſweeten my imagination, ther's money for thee.
Gloſt. O let me kiſſe that hand.
Lear. Here wipe it firſt, it ſmels of mortalitie.
Gloſt. O ruind peece of nature, this great world ſhould ſo weare out to naught, do you know me?
Lear. I remember thy eyes well inough, doſt thou ſquiny on me? no do thy worſt blind *Cupid*, ile not loue, reade thou that challenge, marke the penning oft.
Gloſt. Were all the letters ſunnes I could not ſee one.
Edg. I would not take this from report, it is, and my heart breakes at it. *Lear.* Read. *Gloſt.* What! with the caſe of eyes?
Lear. O ho, are you there with me, no eyes in your head, nor no mony in your purſe, your eyes are in a heauie caſe, your purſe in a light, yet you ſee how this world goes.
Gloſt. I ſee it feelingly.
Lear. What art mad? a man may ſee how the world goes with no eyes, looke with thy eares, ſee how yon Iuſtice railes vpon yon ſimple theefe, harke in thy eare handy, dandy, which is the theefe, which is the Iuſtice, thou haſt ſeene a farmers dogge barke at a begger. *Gloſt.* I ſir.
Lear. And the creature runne from the cur; there thou mightſt behold the great image of authoritie, a dogge ſo bade in office; thou raſcall beadle hold thy bloudy hand, why doſt thou laſh that whore, ſtrip thine owne backe, thy bloud hotly luſts to vſe her in that kind for which thou whipſt her; the vſurer hangs the cofioner; through tattered raggs ſmal vices do appeare, robes & furd-gownes hides all, get thee glaſſe eyes, and like a ſcuruy polititian ſeeme to ſee the things thou doeſt not, no now pull off my bootes, harder, harder, ſo.
Edg. O matter, and impertinencie, mixt reaſon in madneſſe.
Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortune take my eyes, I knowe thee well inough thy name is *Gloſter*, thou muſt be patient, we came crying hither, thou knoweſt the firſt time that we ſmell the aire we wayl and cry, I will preach to thee marke me.
Goſt. Alack alack the day.
Lear. When we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great ſtage of fooles, this a good blocke. It were a delicate ſtra-

gem,

tagem to ſhoot a troupe of horſe with fell,& when I haue ſtole vpon theſe ſonne in lawes, then kill,kill,kill,kill,kill,kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him ſirs, your moſt deere—

Lear. No reskue,what a priſoner, I am eene the naturall foole of Fortune, vſe me well you ſhall haue ranſome, let mee haue a churgion I am cut to the braines.

Gent, You ſhall haue any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds, all my ſelfe; why this would make a man of ſalt to vſe his eyes for garden waterpots, I,and laying Autums duſt.

Lear, I will die brauely like a bridegroome, what ? I will be Iouiall, come, come, I am a King my maiſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then theres life int, nay and you get it you ſhall get it with running. *Exit King running.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pitifull in the meaneſt wretch, paſt ſpeaking of in a king: thou haſt one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curſe which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle ſir.

Gent. Sir ſpeed you, whats your will.

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward.

Gent. Moſt ſure and vulgar, euery one here's that That can diſtinguiſh ſence.

Edg. But by your fauour how neers the other army?

Gent. Neere and on ſpeed fort the maine deſcryes, Standſt on the howerly thoughts.

Edg. I thanke you ſir thats all.

Gent. Though that the Queene on ſpeciall cauſe is here, Hir army is moued on. *Edg.* I thanke you ſir. *Exit.*

Gloſt. You euer gentle gods take my breath from me, Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me againe, To dye before you pleaſe. *Edg.* Well, pray you father.

Gloſt. Now good ſir what are you?

Edg. A moſt poore man made lame by Fortunes blowes, Who by the Art of knowne and feeling ſorrowes Am pregnant to good pitty, giue me your hand Ile leade you to ſome biding.

Gloſt.

Gloſt. Hartie thankes, the bounty and the benizon of heauen to boot, to boot. *Enter Steward.*

Stew. A proclamed prize, moſt happy that eyles head of thine was firſt framed fleſh to rayſe my fortunes, thou moſt vnhappy traytor briefly thy ſelfe remember, the ſword is out that muſt deſtroy thee.

Gloſt. Now let thy friendly hand put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew. VVherefore bould peſant durſt thou ſupport a publiſht traytor; hence leaſt the infection of his fortune take like hold on thee, let goe his arme.

Edg. Chill not let goe ſir without cagion.

Stew. Let goe ſlaue, or thou dieſt.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, let poore voke paſſe, and chud haue beene ſwaggar'd out of my life it would not haue beene ſo long by a vortnight, nay come not neare the old man, keepe out cheuore ye, or ile trie whether your coſterd or my bat be the harder, ile be plaine with you.

Stew. Out dunghill. *they fight.*

Edg. Chill pick your teeth ſir, come, no matter for your foyns.

Stew. Slaue thou haſt ſlaine me, villaine take my purſſe, If euer thou wilt thriue, burie my bodie, And giue the letters which thou find'ſt about me To *Edmund* Earle of *Gloſter*, ſeeke him out, vpon The *Britiſh* partie, ô vntimely death ! death. *He dies.*

Edg. I know thee well, a ſeruiceable villaine, As dutious to the vices of thy miſtres, as badnes would (deſire.

Gloſt. What is he dead ?

Edg. Sit you down father, reſt you, lets ſee his pockets, Theſe letters that he ſpeakes of, may be my friends, Hee's dead, I am only ſorrow he had no other death ſmā; Let vs ſee, leaue gentle waxe, and manners blame vs not To know our enemies minds, wee'd rip their hearts, Their papers is more lawfull. *A letter.*

Let your reciprocall vowes bee remembred, you haue many opportunities to cut him off, if your will want not; time and place will be fruitfully offered; there is nothing done, If he returne the conqueror then am I the priſoner, and his bed my iayle; from the lothed warmth whereof deliuer me, and ſupply the place for your

your labour; your wife (ſo I would ſay) your affectionate ſeruant
and for you her owne for *Venter*, *Gonorill*.
Edg. O Indiſtinguiſht ſpace of womans wit,
A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life,
And the exchange my brother; heere in the ſands
Thee ile rake vp, the poſt vnſanctified
Of murtherous leachers; and in the mature time,
With this vngratious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death practiſ'd Duke; for him tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſſe I can tell.
Gloſt. The King is mad, how ſtiffe is my vild ſence,
That I ſtand vp and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorowes, better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be fenced from my griefes,
And woes by wrong imaginations looſe
The knowledge of themſelues. *A drum a farre off.*
Edg. Giue me your hand far off me thinks I heare the beaten
Come father ile beſtow you with a friend. *Exit.* (drum,
Enter Cordelia, Kent and Doctor. (thy goodnes,
Cord. O thou good *Kent* how ſhall I liue and worke to match
My life will be too ſhort and euery meaſure faile me.
Kent. To be acknowlegd madame is ore payd,
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited; theſe weeds are memories of thoſe
Worſer howers; I prithe put them off.
Kent. Pardon me deere madame,
Yet to be knowne ſhortens my made intent;
My boone I make it that you know me not,
Till time and I thinke meete.
Cord. Then beet ſo, my good Lord how does the king?
Doct. Madame ſleepes ſtill. (nature;
Cord. O you kind Gods cure this great breach in his abuſed
The vntund and hurrying ſences, O wind vp
Of this child changed father.
Doct. So pleaſe your Maieſtie that we may wake the king
He hath ſlept long.
Cord. Be gouernd by your knowledge and proceed,

Ith ſway of your owne will is he arayd,
Doct. I madam, in the heauineſſe of his ſleepe,
We put freſh garments on him,
Gent. Good madam be by, when we do awake him
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cord. Very well.
Doct. Pleaſe you draw neere, louder the muſicke there,
Cor. O my deer father, reſtoratiō hang thy medicin on my lips,
And let this kis repaire thoſe violent harmes that my two ſiſters
Haue in thy reuerence made.
Kent. Kind and deere Princeſſe,
Cord. Had you not bene their father, theſe white flakes
Had challengd pitie of them; was this a face
To be expoſd againſt the warring winds,
To ſtand againſt the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quick croſſe lightning to watch poore *Perdu*,
With this thin helme; mine iniurious dogge,
Though he had bit me, ſhould haue ſtood that night
Againſt my fire; and waſt thou faine poore father,
To houill thee with ſwine and rogues forlorne,
In ſhort and muſtie ſtraw? alack, alack,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all; he wakes ſpeake to him.
Doct. Madam do you, tis fitteſt.
Cord. How does my royall Lord, how fares your maieſtie.
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out ath graue;
Thou art a ſoule in bliſſe, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do ſcald like molten lead.
Cord. Sir know me?
Lear. Yar a ſpirit I know, where did you dye?
Cord. Still, ſtill, farre wide.
Doct. Hees ſcarce awake, let him alone a while.
Lear. Where haue I bene, where am I faire day light?
I am mightily abuſd, I ſhould ene dye with pitie,
To ſee another thus; I know not what to ſay,
I will not ſweare theſe are my hands, lets ſee,

I feele this pin pricke, would I were aſſur'd of my condition.
Cord. O looke vpon me ſir, and hold your hands in benedicti-on or'e me, no ſir you muſt not kneele.
Lear. Pray doe not mocke,
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Foureſcore and vpward, and to deale plainly
I feare I am not in my perfect mind;
Mee thinks I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtfull, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I haue
Remembers not theſe garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night; doe not laugh at me,
For as I am a man, I thinke this Ladie
To be my child *Cordelia.* *Cord.* And ſo I am.
Lear. Be your teares wet? yes faith, I pray weep not,
If you haue poyſon for mee I will drinke it,
I know you doe not loue me; for your ſiſters
Haue as I doe remember, done me wrong,
You haue ſome cauſe, they haue not.
Cord. No cauſe, no cauſe. *Lear.* Am I in *France*?
Kent. In your owne kingdome ſir.
Lear. Doe not abuſe me?
Doct. Be comforted good Madame, the great rage you ſee is cured in him, and yet it is danger to make him euen ore the time hee has loſt, deſire him to goe in, trouble him no more till further ſetling. *Cord.* Wilt pleaſe your highnes walke?
Lear. You muſt beare with me, pray now forget and forgiue, I am old and fooliſh. *Exeunt.* *Manet Kent and Gent.*
Gent. Holds it true ſir that the Duke of *Cornwall* was ſo ſlaine?
Kent. Moſt certaine ſir.
Gent. Who is conductor of his people?
Kent. As tis ſaid, the baſtard ſonne of *Gloſter*.
Gent. They ſay *Edgar* his baniſht ſonne is with the Earle of *Kent* in *Germanie*.
Kent. Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,
The powers of the kingdome approach apace.
Gent. The arbiterment is like to be bloudie, fare you well ſir.
Kent. My poynt and period will be throughly wrought, Or

Or well, or ill, as this dayes battels fought. *Exit.*
Enter Edmund, Regan, and their powers.
Baſt. Know of the Duke if his laſt purpoſe hold,
Or whether ſince he is aduis'd by ought
To change the courſe, hee's full of alteration
And ſelfe reprouing, bring his conſtant pleaſure.
Reg. Our ſiſters man is certainly miſcaried.
Baſt. Tis to be doubted Madam,
Reg. Now ſweet Lord,
You know the goodnes I intend vpon you,
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeak the truth,
Doe you not loue my ſiſter? *Baſt.* I, honor'd loue.
Reg. But haue you neuer found my brothers way,
To the forfended place? *Baſt.* That thought abuſes you.
Reg. I am doubtfull that you haue beene coniunct and boſom'd with hir, as far as we call hirs.
Baſt. No by mine honour Madam. (with her.
Reg. I neuer ſhall indure hir, deere my Lord bee not familiar
Baſt. Feare me not, ſhee and the Duke her husband.—
Enter Albany and Gonorill with troupes.
Gono. I had rather looſe the battaile, then that ſiſter ſhould looſen him and mee.
Alb. Our very louing ſiſter well be-met;
For this I heare the King is come to his daughter
With others, whome the rigour of our ſtate
Forſt to crie out; where I could not be honeſt
I neuer yet was valiant; for this buſines
It touches vs, as *France* inuades our land
Not bolds the King, with others whome I feare,
Moſt iuſt and heauy cauſes make oppoſe.
Baſt. Sir you ſpeake nobly. *Reg.* Why is this reaſon'd?
Gono. Combine togither gainſt the enemy,
For theſe domeſtique-dore-particulars
Are not to queſtion here.
Alb. Let vs then determine with the auntient of warre on our proceedings. *Baſt.* I ſhall attend you preſently at your tent.
Reg. Siſter you'l goe with vs? *Gon.* No.
Reg. Tis moſt conuenient, pray you goe with vs.

Gon. O ho, I know the riddle, I will goe. *Enter Edgar*

Edg. If ere your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poore,
Heare me one word. *Exeunt.*

Alb. Ile ouertake you, ſpeake.

Edg. Before you fight the battell ope this letter,
If you haue victory let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it; wretched though I ſeeme,
I can produce a champion that will proue
What is auowched there, if you miſcary,
Your buſines of the world hath ſo an end,
Fortune loue you. *Alb.* Stay till I haue read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it, when time ſhall ſerue let but the Herald
cry, and ile appeare againe. *Exit.*

Alb. Why fare thee well, I will ore-looke the paper.

Enter Edmund.

Baſt. The enemies in view, draw vp your powers
Hard is the queſſe of their great ſtrength, and forces
By diligent diſcouery; but your haſt is now vrg'd on you.

Alb. Wee will greet the time. *Exit.*

Baſt. To both theſe ſiſters haue I ſworne my loue, *Iung*
Each iealous of the other as the ſtung are of the Adder,
Which of them ſhall I take, both, one, or neither; neither can bee
If both remaine aliue; to take the widdow (inioy'd
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter *Gonorill;*
And hardly ſhall I cary out my ſide
Her husband being aliue: now then we'le vſe
His countenance for the battaile, which being done
Let her that would be rid of him deuiſe
His ſpeedie taking off; as for his mercy
Which he entends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia:*
The battaile done, and they within our power
Shall neuer ſee his pardon; for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter the powers of France ouer the ſtage, Cordelia with her father in her hand.

Enter Edgar and Gloſter.

Edg. Here father, take the ſhaddow of this buſh
For your good hoaſt, pray that the right may thriue;

If

If euer I returne to you againe ile bring you comfort. *Exit.*

Gloſt. Grace goe with you ſir. *Alarum, and retreat.*

Edg. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away,
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his daughter taine,
Giue me thy hand, come on.

Gloſt. No farther ſir, a man may rot euen here.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe? men muſt indure
Their going hence, euen as their coming hither,
Ripenes is all: come on.

Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia priſoners.

Baſt. Some officers take them away; good guard
Vntill their greater pleaſures beſt be knowne
That are to cenſure them. (incurd

Cor. We are not the firſt who with beſt meaning haue
The worſt; for thee oppreſſed King am I caſt downe,
My ſelfe could elſe outfrowne falſe Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters, and theſe ſiſters?

Lear. No, no, come lets away to priſon
We two alone will ſing like birds i'th cage;
When thou doſt aske me bleſſing, ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiuenes, ſo weele liue
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At guilded butterflies, and heare poore rogues
Talke of Court newes, and weele talke with them too,
Who looſes, and who wins, whoſe in, whoſe out,
And take vpon's the miſtery of things
As if we were Gods-ſpies, and weele weare out
In a wal'd priſon packs and ſects of great ones
That ebbe and flow bith' Moone.

Baſt. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia,*
The Gods themſelues throw incenſe; haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs ſhall bring a brand from heauen,
And fire vs hence like Foxes; wipe thine eyes,
The good ſhall deuoure em flesh and fell
Ere they ſhall make vs weepe; wele ſee vm ſtarue firſt,

Baſt. Come hither Captaine, harke. (come,
Take thou this note, goe follow them to priſon;

One

One ſtep, I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes; know thou this that men
Are as the time is, to be tender minded
Does not become a ſword; thy great imployment
Will not beare queſtion, either ſay thou't do't,
Or thriue by other meanes.
Cap. Ile do't my Lord.
Baſt. About it, and write happy when thou haſt don;
Marke, I ſay inſtantly, and carie it ſo
As I haue ſet it downe.
Cap. I cannot draw a cart, nor eate dride oats,
If it bee mans worke ile do't.

Enter Duke, the two Ladies, and others.

Alb. Sir you haue ſhewed to day your valiant ſtrain,
And Fortune led you well, you haue the captiues
That were the oppoſites of this dayes ſtrife;
We doe require them of you, ſo to vſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits, and our ſafty
May equally determine.
Baſt. Sir I thought it fit,
To ſend the old and miſerable King to ſome retention, and ap-
Whoſe age has charmes in it, whoſe title more, (pointed guard,
To pluck the common boſſome of his ſide,
And turne our impreſt launces in our eyes
Which doe commaund them; with him I ſent the queen,
My reaſon all the ſame; and they are readie to morrow,
Or at further ſpace, to appeare where you ſhall hold
Your ſeſſion at this time: wee ſweat and bleed,
The friend hath loſt his friend, and the beſt quarrels
In the heat are curſt by thoſe that feele their ſharpnes;
The queſtion of *Cordelia* and her father
Requires a fitter place.
Alb. Sir by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubiect of this warre, not as a brother.
Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him;
Me thinkes our pleaſure ſhould haue beene demanded
Ere you had ſpoke ſo farre; he led our powers,

Bore

Bore the commiſſion of my place and perſon,
The which immediate may well ſtand vp,
And call it ſelfe your brother.
Gono. Not ſo hot, in his owne grace hee doth exalt himſelfe,
more then in your aduancement.
Reg. In my right by me inueſted he com-peers the beſt.
Gon. That were the moſt if hee ſhould husband you.
Reg. Ieſters doe oft proue Prophets.
Gon. Hola, hola, that eye that told you ſo, lookt but a ſquint.
Reg. Lady I am not well, els I ſhould anſwere
From a full flowing ſtomack. Generall
Take thou my ſouldiers, priſoners, patrimonie;
Witnes the world that I create thee here
My Lord and maiſter.
Gon. Meane you to inioy him then?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.
Baſt. Nor in thine Lord.
Alb. Halfe blouded fellow yes.
Baſt. Let the drum ſtrike, and proue my title good.
Alb. Stay yet, heare reaſon; *Edmund* I arreſt thee
On capitall treaſon, and in thine attaint
This gilded Serpent: for your claime faire ſiſter
I bare it in the intereſt of my wife,
Tis ſhe is ſubcontracted to this Lord
And I her husband contradict the banes,
If you will mary make your loue to me,
My Lady is beſpoke; thou art arm'd *Gloſter*,
If none appeare to proue vpon thy head,
Thy hainous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge, ile proue it on thy heart
Ere I taſt bread; thou art in nothing leſſe
Then I haue here proclaimd thee.
Reg. Sicke, ô ſicke.
Gon. If not, ile ne re truſt poyſon.
Baſt. Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,
That names me traytor, villain-like he lies;
Call by thy trumpet; he that dares approach,
On him, on you (who not) I will maintaine.

My

My truth and honour firmely.
Alb. A Herald ho. *Bast.* A Herald ho, a Herald.
Alb. Trust to thy single vertue, for thy souldiers
All leuied in my name haue in my name tooke their
Reg. This sicknes growes vpon me. (discharge.
Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my tent,
Come hether Herald, let the trumpet sound,
And read out this. *Cap.* Sound trumpet?
Her. If any man of qualitie or degree, in the hoast of the army, will maintaine vpon *Edmund* supposed Earle of *Gloster*, that he's a manifold traitour, let him appeare at the third sound of the trumpet, he is bold in his defence.
Bast. Sound. Againe.
Enter Edgar at the third sound, a trumpet before him.
Alb. Aske him his purposes why he appeares
Vpon this call oth' trumpet.
Her. What are you? your name and qualitie?
And why you answere this present summons?
Edg. O know my name is lost by treasons tooth
Bare-gnawne and canker-bitte; yet are I mou't
Where is the aduersarie I come to cope with all?
Alb. Which is that aduersarie? (*Gloster?*
Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of
Bast. Him selfe, what saiest thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword,
That if my speech offend a noble hart thy arme
May do thee Iustice; here is mine:
Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,
My oath, and my profession. I protest
Maugure thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despight thy victor-sword, and fire-new-fortun'd,
Thy valor, and thy heart thou art a traytor;
False to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy Father,
Conspicuate against this high illustrious prince,
And from the'xtreamest vpward of thy head,
To the descent, and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traytor: say thou no
This sword, this arme, and my best spirits,

Are bent to proue vpon thy heart, (whereto I speake) thou liest,
Bast. In wisdome I should aske thy name;
But since thy outside lookes so faire and warlike,
And that thy being some say of breeding breathes,
By right of knighthood I disdaine and spurne:
Heere do I tosse those treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hatedly, oreturnd thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by and scarcely bruse;
This sword of mine shall giue them instant way
Where they shall rest for euer; trumpets speake.
Alb. Saue him, saue him,
Gon. This is meere practise *Gloster* by the law of armes,
Thou art not bound to answere an vnknowne opposite,
Thou art not vanquisht, but cousned and beguild,
Alb. Stop your mouth dame, or with this paper shall I stople it: thou worse then any thing reade thine owne euill; nay no tearing Lady, I perceiue you know't. (me for't?
Gon. Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine; who shal arraine
Alb. Most monstrous know'st thou this paper?
Gon. Aske me not what I know. *Exit. Gonorill.*
Alb. Go after her, shee's desperate, gouerne her.
Bast. What you haue chargd me with that haue I don
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
Tis past, and so am I, but what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? if thou bee'st noble
I do forgiue thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity;
I am no lesse in bloud then thou art *Edmond*;
If more, the more thou hast wrongd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers sonne;
The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant vertues
Make instruments to scourge vs: the darke, and vitious
Place where thee he gotte, cost him his eies.
Bast. Thou hast spoken truth, the wheele is come
full circled: I am heere.
Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophecie,
A royall noblenesse; I must embrace thee.
Let sorow split my heart if I did euer hate thee or thy father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.
Alb. Where haue you hid your ſelfe?
How haue you knowne the miſeries of your father?
Edg. By nurſing them my Lord.
Liſt a briefe tale, and when tis told
O that my heart would burſt the bloudy proclamation
To eſcape that followed me ſo neere,
(O our liues ſweetnes that with the paine of death,
Would hourly die, rather then die at once)
Taught me to ſhift into a mad-mans rags,
To aſſume a ſemblance that very dogges diſdain'd;
And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,
(The precious ſtones new loſt) became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, ſau'd him from diſpaire,
Neuer (O Father) reueald my ſelfe vnto him
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt when I was armed,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,
I aſkt his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt,
Told him my pilgrimage; but his flawd heart,
Alacke too weake the conflict to ſupport,
Twixt two extreames of paſſion, ioy and griefe,
Burſt ſmillingly.
Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath moued me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeake you on;
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay,
Alb. If there be more, more woefull hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolue hearing of this,
Edg. This would haue ſeemd a periode to ſuch
As loue not ſorow, but another to amplifie too much
Would make much more, and top extreamitie: *Kent ſc.*
Whil'ſt I was big in clamor, came there in a man
Who hauing ſeene me in my worſt eſtate
Shund my abhord ſociety, but then finding
Who 'twas that ſo indur'd, with his ſtrong armes
He faſtened on my necke and bellowed out
As hee'd burſt heauen, threw me on my father,
Told the moſt pitious tale of *Lear* and him
That euer eare receiued, which in recounting

His griefe grew puiſſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to cracke twice; then the trumpets ſounded;
And there I left him traunſt.
Alb. But who was this?
Ed. Kent ſir, the baniſht *Kent*, who in diguiſe,
Followed his enemie king, and did him ſeruice
Improper for a ſlaue.
Enter one with a bloudie knife,
Gent. Helpe, helpe, (knife?
Alb. What kind of helpe, what meanes that bloudy
Gent. Its hot it ſmokes, it came euen from the heart of——
Alb. Who man, ſpeake?
Gent. Your Lady ſir, your Lady; and her ſiſter
By her is poyſoned, ſhe hath confeſt it.
Baſt. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marie in an inſtant.
Alb. Produce their bodies be they aliue or dead;
This Iuſtice of the heauens that makes vs tremble,
Touches vs not with pity. *Edg.* Here comes *Kent* ſir.
Alb. O tis he, the time will not allow *Enter Kent*
The complement that very manners vrges.
Kent. I am come to bid my King and maiſter ay good night:
Is he not here?
Duke. Great thing of vs forgot;
Speake *Edmund*, wher's the king, and wher's *Cordelia*?
Seeſt thou this obiect *Kent*? *The bodies of Gonorill and*
Kent. Alack why thus? *Regan are brought in.*
Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was beloued;
The one the other poyſoned for my ſake,
And after ſlue her ſelfe. *Duke.* Euen ſo, couer their faces.
Baſt. I pant for life, ſome good I meane to do
Deſpight of my owne nature; quickly ſend,
Be briefe, in toth' caſtle for my writ,
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*;
Nay ſend in time. *Duke.* Runne, runne, O runne.
Edg. To who my Lord, who hath the office? ſend
Thy token of repreeue.
Baſt. Well thought on, take my ſword, the Captaine,

Giue it the Captaine. *Duke.* Haſt thee for thy life.
Baſt. He hath Commiſſion from thy wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and to lay
The blame vpon her owne deſpaire,
That ſhe fordid her ſelfe.
Duke. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.
Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.
Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle. O you are men of ſtones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vſe them ſo
That heauens vault ſhould cracke; ſhees gone for euer,
I know when one is dead, and when one liues;
Shees dead as earth, lend me a looking glaſſe,
If that her breath will miſt, or ſtaine the ſtone
Why then ſhe liues. *Kent.* Is this the promiſt end?
Edg. Or image of that horror? *Duke.* Fall, and ceaſe.
Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe liues; if it be ſo.
It is a chance which do's redeeme all ſorowes
That euer I haue felt. *Kent.* A my good maiſter.
Lear. Prethe away. *Edg.* Tis noble *Kent* your friend.
Lear. A plague vpon you murderous traytors all;
I might haue ſaued her, now ſhees gone for euer,
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little; ha,
What iſt thou ſayeſt? her voyce was euer ſoft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in women;
I kild the ſlaue that was a hanging thee.
Cap. Tis true my Lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not fellow? I haue ſeene the day,
With my good biting Fauchon I would
Haue made them skippe; I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoyle me, who are you?
Mine eyes are not oth' beſt, ile tell you ſtraight.
Kent. If Fortune bragd of two ſhe loued or hated,
One of them we behold. *Lear.* Are not you *Kent?*
Kent. The ſame your ſeruant *Kent*, where is your ſeruant *Caius?*
Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heele ſtrike and quickly too; hees dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. Ile ſee that ſtraight.

Kent.

Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
Haue followed your ſad ſteps. *Lear.* You'r welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man elſe; al's chearles darke and deadly;
Your eldeſt daughters haue foredoone themſelues,
And deſperatly are dead. *Lear.* So thinke I to.
Duke. He knowes not what he ſees, and vaine it is
That we preſent vs to him. *Edg.* Very bootleſſe. *Enter*
Capt. Edmund is dead my Lord. *Captaine.*
Duke. Thats but a trifle heere: you Lords and noble friends
Know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come ſhall be
applied: for vs we wil reſigne during the life of this old maieſty
to him our abſolute power; you to your rights with boote, and
ſuch addition as your honor haue more then merited: all friends
ſhall taſt the wages of their vertue, and al foes the cup of their de-
ſeruings, O ſee, ſee.
Lear. And my poore foole is hangd: no, no life; why ſhould a
dog, a horſe, a rat haue life, and thou no breath at all. O thou wilt
come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer: pray you vndo this button,
thanke you ſir, O, o, o, o. *Edg.* He faints my Lord, my Lord.
Lear, Breake hart, I prethe breake. *Edgar.* Look vp my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghoſt, O let him paſſe;
He hates him that would vpon the wracke
Of this tough world ſtretch him out longer.
Edg. O he is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is he hath endured ſo long;
He but vſurpt his life.
Duke. Beare them from hence, our preſent buſines
Is to generall woe: friends of my ſoule, you twaine
Rule in this kingdome, and the goard ſtate ſuſtaine.
Kent. I haue a iourney ſir, ſhortly to go,
My maiſter cals, and I muſt not ſay no.
Duke. The waight of this ſad time we muſt obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to ſay;
The oldeſt haue borne moſt, we that are yong,
Shall neuer ſee ſo much, nor liue ſo long.

FINIS.

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